

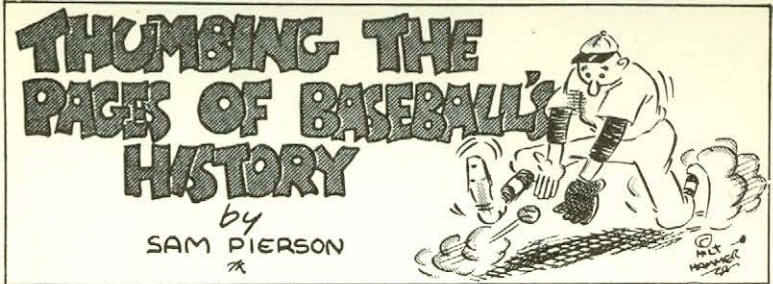
# Thumbing the Pages of Baseball History in Bloomfield



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By SAMUEL C. PIERSON

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## INTRODUCTION

The centennial of baseball was marked at Cooperstown, N. Y., this spring with a series of events including a baseball game in which Hank Borowy of Bloomfield shut out Boston College for Fordham University. In view of this event it has been suggested that some sort of history of the game as played in Bloomfield be perpetuated. Baseball has had a long and honorable career in Bloomfield and the deeds of some of the town's heroes are worthy of recollection.

Originally, we intended to write a history of the town's many teams, but records are so incomplete that a series of biographies of leading baseball figures in chronological order was compiled.

The first deals with the period from 1864 to 1866, when the game got a start here with The Stars. Frederick E. Langstroth, still living, recalls the incidents of that club.

Other important articles concern Joseph Mann and the first no-hit-no-run game; the contributions to the game by Lawrence Perry, nationally famous sports authority; the influence of Arch Dailey on the game; the activities of Samuel Breedon, owner of the St. Louis Cardinal baseball chain, and the big league career of Alex Ferguson.

An early document bearing on this series is this copy of the score sheet of a baseball game between the Passaic Baseball Club of Belleville and the Excelsior Baseball Club of Bloomfield, played on the Fourth of July, 1860. The game was played on the Bloomfield Green and, as the score sheet shows, there were but eight players on a side, there being no shortstop. The final score was 20 to 19 in Belleville's favor. In explanation of the score sheet, the figure "1" denotes a run, the "x" means left on base and the "o" means out.

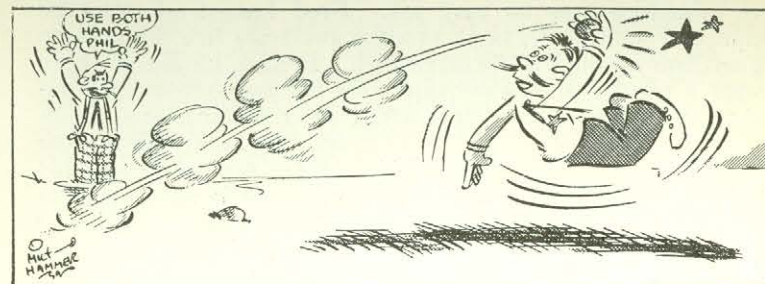


*Parascie B B Club Bellville Nf*

<i>Name</i>	<i>Position</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	<i>Runs made</i>
<i>Sandford</i>	<i>P</i>	0	0	1	0 <sup>2</sup>	0	0 <sup>2</sup>		X		1
<i>Smith</i>	<i>L.F.</i>	0	1	1	1	0 <sup>2</sup>	0 <sup>2</sup>		0 <sup>3</sup>		111
<i>Blumitt</i>	<i>3.B</i>	1	X	0 <sup>2</sup>	1	0 <sup>3</sup>		0 <sup>1</sup>		0 <sup>1</sup>	11
<i>James Crisp</i>	<i>1.B</i>	1	X	1	1		1	0 <sup>2</sup>		0 <sup>2</sup>	111
<i>Jerolman</i>	<i>C</i>	1	X	1	1		1	0 <sup>3</sup>			1111
<i>Stanford</i>	<i>C.F.</i>	1	0 <sup>2</sup>	X	0 <sup>3</sup>		1		0 <sup>1</sup>	0 <sup>3</sup>	11
<i>Bolt</i>	<i>R.F.</i>	X	0 <sup>3</sup>	0 <sup>3</sup>	0	1	0 <sup>1</sup>		1		11
<i>Fryatt</i>	<i>2.B</i>	0 <sup>3</sup>		0 <sup>1</sup>	0 <sup>1</sup>	1	X		0 <sup>2</sup>		1
<i>McRane each inning</i>		4	1	4	4	2	3	0	1	1	20 Total

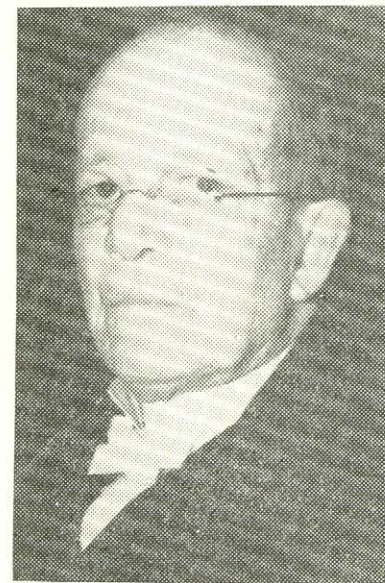
*Excelsior B B Club of Bloomfield Nf*

<i>Name</i>	<i>Position</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	<i>Runs made</i>
<i>Ed Albert</i>	<i>3.B</i>	0 <sup>1</sup>	0 <sup>2</sup>			1	0 <sup>2</sup>	1	0 <sup>2</sup>		11
<i>F. Van Winkle</i>	<i>C.F.</i>	1	0 <sup>3</sup>			1	0 <sup>3</sup>	0 <sup>2</sup>	7		11
<i>J. S. Dodd</i>	<i>P.</i>	0 <sup>2</sup>		0 <sup>1</sup>		1		11	0 <sup>3</sup>		111
<i>A. McCracken</i>	<i>C</i>	0 <sup>3</sup>		0 <sup>2</sup>		7		11		1	111
<i>J. Neal</i>	<i>1.B</i>		1	0 <sup>3</sup>		0 <sup>1</sup>		00		0 <sup>1</sup>	1
<i>J. S. Albright</i>	<i>2.B</i>		1		0 <sup>1</sup>	0 <sup>2</sup>		1	1	1	1111
<i>Pierson</i>	<i>C.F.</i>		0 <sup>1</sup>		0 <sup>2</sup>	0 <sup>3</sup>		1	1	0 <sup>2</sup>	1
<i>Webb</i>	<i>L.F.</i>		1		0 <sup>3</sup>		0 <sup>1</sup>	1	1	0 <sup>3</sup>	111
		1	3	0	0	2	0	8	2	2	19 Total



### FRED LANGSTROTH AND THE STARS

The Bloomfield Stars, who played their games on The Green, on a diamond situated just north of Monroe place, were organized just about 75 years ago by Charles Watkins, a student at Charles M. Davis's Academy at Liberty and Spruce streets, now a dormitory of the Bloomfield College and Seminary. Charlie Watkins was a boarding student at the school at the time and helped to organize two nines at the school. The players on the Stars were drafted from the School's ranks.



Mr. Langstroth today

Frederick E. Langstroth of 11 Park street, still hale and hearty at the age of 91 years, is the only surviving member of that ball team. After one year as a member of the second nine, Mr. Langstroth proved that he was the best catcher, though far from the best batter, on the squad. Soon after he joined the Stars, he was made captain.

The team consisted of Charlie Smith, pitcher; Fred Langstroth, catcher; Herbert Biddulph, first base; Albert Matthews, second base; Eddie Garra-brant, third base; Phil Van Gieson, shortstop; Bob Lindsley, right field; Tim Crane, center field, and Dave Ward, left field.

Fred O. "Judge" Pierson (no relation to the writer) was the utility man.

First bound in those days was out. The umpire stood in the vicinity of second base, from whence he called all plays. Smith pitched a swift, twisting ball which was hard to hit as well as hard to catch. Apparently, Smith had a screwball like Carl Hubbell.

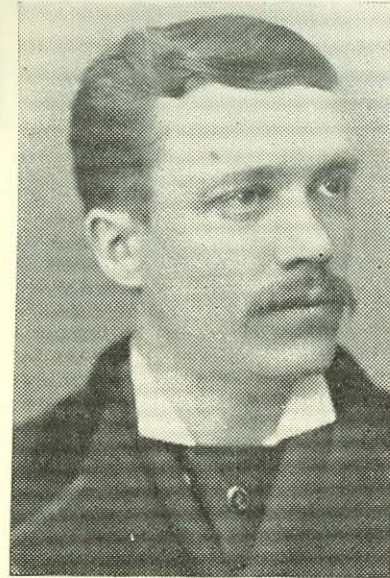


Catching was no easy job. Fred Langstroth was not equipped with glove, mask or chest protector like the modern guardians of the five-cornered dish. In fact, he did not even wear a regulation baseball cap, since the team's uniform consisted mainly of a grey shirt with a big red star sewed on the

left side. Mr. Langstroth recalls wearing a soft hat of some kind, which offered no protection from a bat, and he can show you a scar on his head where he was once hit by a bat. The bat cut his head but didn't do a thing to his hat.

Phil Van Gieson was a Watsessing boy. He could make the most impossible stops with either bare hand but was all thumbs if he tried to put two hands to any ball. "I recall times when the games were close and we would call out to Phil to get in front of the ball and use both hands. Invariably he would miss under these conditions.

"We had fans in those days, too, though we didn't



Mr. Langstroth as a young man

call them by that name. Among them were Ichabod W. Howell of the Park boarding house, which was situated about where the Public Library now stands. We called him Deacon, a name that stuck by him as long as he lived in Bloomfield. The Deacon, with his high silk hat, was always on hand to see our games and occasionally the hat got knocked off when he encroached too near the catcher. Then there were Grant Wheeler and Dave Garrabrant and 'Jolly Joker' Jim Post, son of the town's harness maker, all of whom saw most of our games.

"When we played on the Green we had a goodly portion of the village present to encourage us. But it finally got so dangerous to those passing to and fro during our play that the village committee decreed no more playing without a permit. Squire Hall was delegated to give us the permits. Though we had no particular liking for Squire William R. Hall, just because he had the authority to keep us from playing, we had no trouble to get the permits. Squire never refused. His son-in-law, Reuben Talmage, was village constable at that time. He would march up the Green when he saw the gathering and would carefully inspect the permit. We often wondered if he and the Squire were on speaking terms.

"Our last year was our best year. We beat everyone in our home matches and then went up to Middletown, N. Y., for three matches. One was with the Middletown boys, the second with a team from Goshen and the third with a team in Port

Jervis. When we arrived at Port Jervis at noon, we found the town preparing for a firemen's parade. Of course, we joined the procession. We played in the afternoon and in the evening were tendered a reception in the hotel. About 10 o'clock we hied down to the Erie railroad station to receive two of our fans, Dave Garrabrant and Jim Post, who had come from New York City on a late train to see us and encourage us. We were delighted to see them and had good news to tell them. We won all three games.

"We lost our last game of the season to a team from down neck, Newark, and if you must know, I think I lost the game. It was one of those days when I did everything wrong," concluded Mr. Langstroth.



Leading up to a future article on baseball in Bloomfield is this scene from the American League sound film, "First Century of Baseball," now being exhibited throughout the country. The picture represents the birth of the idea for curving a thrown ball and the gentleman with the pool cue in his hand is supposed to be William Arthur Cummings. The fact that a billiard ball will curve if stroked high and to one side had been known for years, but it was to Cummings, back in 1867, that the idea first occurred to apply the same principal to pitching a baseball.





### EMORY KETCHUM AND THE ONEIDAS

The second decade of baseball in Bloomfield is one that is more or less obscure in the records, first because the records are not available and secondly because this series was started about a year after the death of the last surviving member of the team of that period, W. Emory Ketchum. Mr. Ketchum is a legendary character in Bloomfield's baseball annals. As recently as about 10 years ago, when Mr. Ketchum was in his 70's, he gave an exhibition of fungo batting at a Newark Bear game, matching his blows with drives poled out of the park by none other than the great Herman "Babe" Ruth.

Ketchum, who was a fine lawn bowler in addition to being a baseball player, was one of the many stars on the old Oneida nine of about 65 years ago. The Oneidas were the last team to play ball on The Green. The team broke up when the Township Committee planted trees at shortstop, second base, and in the middle of the pitcher's box. It was on this diamond that Emory Ketchum made one of the most unusual hits in baseball. As was pointed out before, the home plate was located just north of Monroe place. The left fielder played in Broad street in front of the present site of the Park Methodist Episcopal Church. The center and right fielders played just south of Beech street. Anything over their heads was labeled for extra bases.

One day Ketchum stepped to the plate and drove the ball into deep right center field. The ground was hard packed in the middle of the usual summer dry spell and the ball bounded along at a lively gait with the center fielder in hot pursuit. Up the two steps and down the main aisle of the Old First Church rolled the ball and came to rest under the casket of a recently departed townsman, in the midst of the funeral services. "Dead ball!" shouted the outfielder as he turned away from the church door, giving the ball up for lost.

Emory Ketchum and his brother, William, toured the country for years as the "Jewel Brothers," vaudeville magicians and illusionists. Emory greeted each town by going to the jail and asking the marshal to lock him up and leave him for two minutes. Before that time was up he would walk out of the cell and greet his jailor.

Another star on the Oneida club was Johnny Mulhearn, whom few modern players could teach any of the tricks of the

game, according to the late Charles C. Ferguson. Mulhearn was a foxy player and a good one. He was an all around star, capable of playing any position, and was often in the pitcher's box, where he tantalized the batters of the opposing team. Mulhearn was called "Blootch" by his teammates.

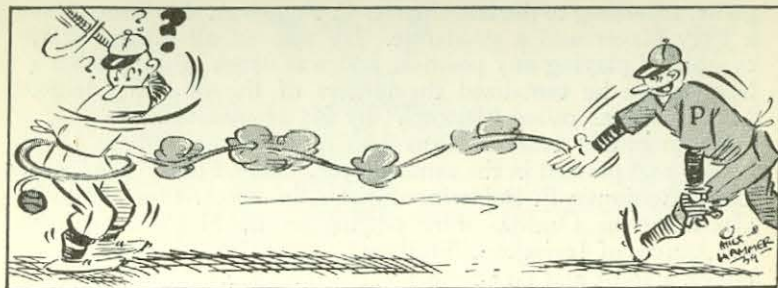
Bloomfield baseball fans had other heroes whom they lauded and praised in the same degree. One of these was "Big Ben," Benjamin F. Baldwin, of Franklin street. One summer afternoon the Oneidas were playing an uphill game against the Actives of Irvington. Trailing by several runs, the Oneidas put on a spurt and got two men safely on base. Big Ben strode to the plate. A nicely pitched ball came towards him. He swung at it with terrific force. The ball soared into the air and landed at Park place and Beech street, far beyond the right fielder, and rolled down Beech street towards the Beech mansion, now the site of Colonial Village. Mr. Ferguson says Big Ben was as swift as he was strong and scored a few steps behind his teammates. People at the Center rushed out of the stores and looked up towards The Green, wondering what all the racket was about. That hit made by Big Ben was the topic of several recurring baseball seasons.

At this period in Bloomfield history there were very few Negroes in Bloomfield, but among them were two youths who were well known throughout the town. One of them was Harry "Blood" Lewis and the other was John Meade. Their popularity was largely due to their ability to play the national game. "Blood" played in the catcher's box and Meade played shortstop. "Blood" Lewis was one of the most active and energetic boys that ever played the game and Meade was one of the laziest, but he was good at digging them out of the dirt and had a beautiful throw to all the bases. Both boys were always in demand in local baseball games of importance.

Eddie Johnson recalls that the Pridham brothers, Charlie, Jim and Eddie; Johnny and Bill Chambers; and Frank Gahs also played on the Oneidas. Gahs was one of the last survivors of the club.

One of the earliest teams in Watsessing was known as the "Corner Boys," who hailed from the vicinity of Bloomfield avenue and Orange street. Henny Higgins, Isaac O. Baldwin, "The" Simco and Emmons Freeman were among the leading players. Other players on early Watsessing teams were Samuel Ellor, Charles Ellor, Joshua Taylor, Orrin Dodd, Charles Davis, John Dailey and the Small brothers.





### THE FIRST NO-HITTER

Bloomfield boys down through the years of the game have done better at pitching than anything else in the game and it is well that they have, since a Bloomfielder had the distinction of pitching the first no-hit-no-run game of record. That performance was turned in by Joseph M. Mann, a youth of 19



*Joseph M. Mann*

in his senior year at Princeton University, on May 29th, 1875, just about 64 years ago. Regardless of the fact that William Arthur Cummings is credited with throwing the first curve ball in the game, Mr. Mann was actually the first pitcher to use it to fool batters. Since Joe Mann never became a professional player, his performance is not alluded to in the American League baseball film, "First Century of Baseball." Joe Mann played both with and against Cummings in his time and knew whereof he spoke. The record of the no-hit-no-run game stands in the records in the World Almanac. To understand the difficulty of pitching a no-hit-no-run game 65 years ago, one must realize that the game still resembled cricket to a great extent and most of the scores were as large as cricket scores. While the diamond was the same size as it is now, the pitcher's box was only 45 feet from home plate instead of nearer 60 feet. The pitcher was required to deliver the ball with a stiff-armed underhand deliver employed by the bowlers in cricket.

The fact that a billiard ball will curve if stroked high and to one side had been known for years, but William Arthur Cummings, back in 1867, first had the idea to apply the same principle in pitching a baseball. But despite the fact that

Cummings tossed a wide roundhouse, he was too proud of that delivery to waste it on mere batters. Instead he would stride to the plate as the teams changed sides twice each inning and would toss the ball as if to right center field. The second baseman would run to his bag and catch the ball there, much to the delight of the spectators, who went as big for this trick as they do for some of the zanies of the present day.

Joe Mann tossed his first curve ball by accident, but after that he put it to real use. In the spring of 1874, Mann was playing third base in a game between the Republicans and Democrats at Princeton University, when the Republican pitcher decided he had had enough. Mann, despite a sore index finger on his right hand, agreed to go in the box. Favoring the index finger, he let the ball slide off his thumb as he delivered it. Try throwing a ball underhand without using your index finger and you will see what happened. Joe Mann, himself, did not see it until the first three batters to face him had struck out. When he found out what had fooled the boys he was startled by his discovery.

All summer and all winter Joe Mann worked on that curve to get the proper control so that he either could throw it at the plate and have it break around or throw it at the batter and have it break across the dish. By the spring of 1875, he could make that hook do tricks. Princeton had a great year at baseball with Joe Mann pitching as often as five times each week and as the season approached the close the club went on a tour of New England, where it was to meet Harvard and Yale two days apart. At Cambridge, however, the Harvard boys soon learned that if the ball looked like it was going across the plate it would steer around and if they tried to duck one aimed at most any portion of their anatomy it was sure to go over for a called strike. Late in the game the boys all used the team's longest bat and hit at only those balls which looked as if they were "beaners." What a hammering Joe Mann took then. A straight baller had to finish the game.

When Joe Mann strode on the hill at New Haven two days later, May 29th, to be exact, his reputation had preceded him and the Yale team was armed with war clubs of unusual length. But Joe Mann had learned his lesson. He discovered a secret which pitchers of today still have to use to get by. Instead of tossing his roundhouse on every pitch, he mixed them up. Sort of fifty-fifty, one horse and one rabbit. One thing is certain, Yale batters saw little of what Joe Mann was tossing up that afternoon. But Joe was up against some good competition, too, for the Yale pitcher let Princeton down with three measly runs when those things were a dime a dozen. In reporting the game the New York newspapers made much of the score but hardly mentioned the fact that it was a no-initter.

During Mann's career at Princeton old Nassau listed among its regular opponents the leading professional teams of the East, including the Knickerbockers of New York.

Although Joe Mann never went in for professional baseball, he left a lasting impression on the game. As a matter of fact, modern pitching dates from him and most of the profes-



sional league players traveled to Princeton to get lessons from the wonder ball pitcher. Through Joe Mann the curve ball was passed on to the game in a useful form. But the rookies of baseball will never honor him as a national hero, for there is that now famous letter from a spring training camp in which the rookie wrote: "I'll be home soon, Ma. They're starting to curve them now."

Joe Mann lived in Bloomfield most of his life and died here in 1919. For many years and until his death was president of the Bloomfield Board of Education. He is buried in the Bloomfield Cemetery. His two sons, Joseph F., now of Caldwell, and Peter, now of Montclair, were born and raised in Bloomfield and followed in their father's footsteps by attending Princeton University. Joseph F. Mann is now trying to help his nephew, Donald Allen, to make the grade at Princeton. Bill Greenip is also on Joe Mann's list for Princeton matriculation.



### MICKEY HIGGINS AND THE FIRST WATSESSINGS

While Watsessing was represented by some kind of team since the days when baseball was first introduced in this section, the first Watsessing club of any importance was that which Michael N. "Mickey" Higgins brought to prominence in and around 1885 and 1887. Mickey Higgins was rather short and stocky and was an all-around athlete. As one of his contemporaries and friends, John H. Cullen, recalls, "Mickey" could do everything but run a foot race. He was a pitcher of no mean ability both with a baseball and with horse-shoes, and was an exceptionally fine batter. Higgins threw with a distinct overhand delivery and was a master of the curve ball.



*Michael N. Higgins*

Higgins was perhaps one of the first of a line of athletes who found toting ice a good developer of muscle and stamina. At one time he did most of the ice toting himself but in later years he gained practically a monopoly in the ice business here and in Montclair and his yard, now the site of the Bloomfield exchange of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company, was a busy place when the route men prepared for their daily tasks.

"Mickey's" Watsessing teammates were: Jim Vought and "Slip" Wilde, catchers; Charlie Davis, first base; Orrin Dodd, second base; Sid Carman, shortstop; Harry "Spence" Bradley, third base; Walter Ellor, Allan Andrews and Giles Conroy, outfielders. To at least one of this number Bloomfield is heavily in debt for the type of baseball he sponsored. That one is Orrin Dodd, who, after the turn of the century, put a fine team on the Williamson oval to represent this town at considerable expense to himself.



This Watsessing team played on a field at the junction of the Erie and Lackawanna railroads in Watsessing, now the site of the H. B. Wiggins Company fabricoid works. Opponents of this club were the Montclairs, the Argyles of New York, the Roseville A. C., and the Waverleys. Gates and Chandler were the famous battery for the Rosevilles, who played their games on a field which later provided the site for the Crocker & Wheeler plant in Ampere. Bloomfield players and fans walked the Lackawanna tracks to get to the Roseville field.

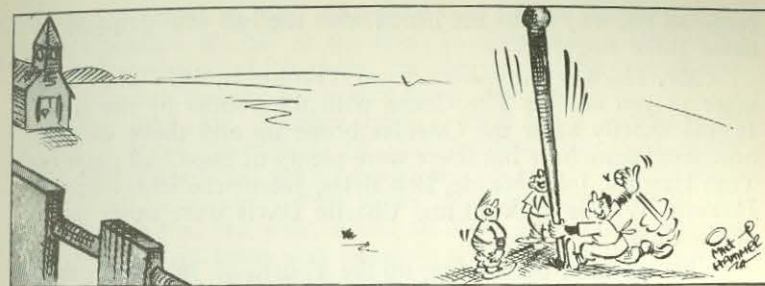
Tom Hughes of Glen Ridge is credited with depriving Bloomfield of a first-rate baseball club for several years by taking Mickey Higgins and most of the stars from the Watsessings and Waverleys up to Montclair, where he ran a fast amateur team.

After playing with Montclair for several seasons, Mickey Higgins, nearing the end of his athletic career, was given an opportunity to play professional ball with the New York Giants. A game was scheduled with Newark's Little Giants of that era and Higgins was to be looked over in that game. Higgins climbed off his ice wagon at 1:30 o'clock and at 3 strode to the rubber. Mr. Cullen does not remember who won the game, but one thing is certain and that was that Higgins did not stay with the New York Giants. As a result of this try-out, Higgins is credited with being Bloomfield's first professional baseball player.

Mr. Higgins later played with the Orange Oval baseball team and still later became much in demand as an umpire. He umpired collegiate games throughout the East and for years was a fixture behind the plate here in Bloomfield and in East Orange.

Mickey Higgins never lost his love for the game and until the latter days of his life often took his son, M. Harold Higgins, now a prominent Bloomfield attorney, to ball games in New York City, when that trip was an event which took a considerable portion of a day for the traveling alone.

Bloomfield was a sporting town in those days and the young bloods wagered on all sorts of so-called sporting events. Baseball, foot races and other sports were not the only interests or the only mediums of expression of the gambling instinct. It was not an infrequent sight to see a greyhound covered with a blanket being led along Bloomfield streets by a trainer, or see a bulldog following its master with its head looking as if it had repeatedly poked up against a buzz saw, or to see in a backyard a rooster almost in the state of nudity and covered with bloody scabs. All these sights were typical of the enthusiasm for dog racing, bulldog fighting and cock fighting.



## THOMAS J. HUGHES AND THE MONTCLAIRS

Let us interrupt the chronological order of these stories to get back to the ball playing on The Green for just a few minutes before going into details about ancient rivals of both Bloomfield and Watsessing teams. We go back to The Green to introduce the beginning of the athletic contests staged to celebrate the Fourth of July and to introduce Thomas J. Hughes of 44 Clinton road, Glen Ridge, still hale and hearty at 82 years of age. Mr. Hughes is as well known in Bloomfield

as he is in Glen Ridge and equally well known in Montclair, where he laid out five baseball diamonds and where he helped to organize the present Montclair A. C.

Mr. Hughes' own playing days were those bare hand days contemporary with the youth of Mickey Higgins, whose story was told in another of these articles. In fact, Mr. Hughes was mentioned in that article.

Mr. Hughes remembers that tryout day in Newark when Mickey Higgins pitched for the Giants. While the score of the game escapes him at this time, he recalls having discussed that very game with another old-timer on The Green about a month before Higgins's



Thomas J. Hughes

story was told here. Each wrote on a piece of paper his version of the climax of that game. Both agreed to this version.

"Mickey started the game, and when Newark started to get to him he was moved to centerfield and Mickey Welsh went in to save the game. In the last inning one of the Newark batters took a toehold and drilled a line drive to centerfield. Mickey Higgins caught the ball with the thumb and first two fingers on his right hand for the final out of the contest. He



came all the way in to the bench with the ball still gripped in those three fingers."

Mr. Hughes came here from Trenton in 1871 and soon after played ball on The Green with the youths of the time. It was shortly after the Oneidas broke up and there was no organized team here but there were plenty of good ball players. Tom Hughes, John Meade, Bob Betts, John Schofield, Romine Pierson, Winnie Jackson and Charlie Davis were other stars of the time.

The practice of winding up the Fourth of July ball game with a sort of track meet was established at this time and the practice continued for many years.

One celebrated event was a walking match between Arthur Boyd and Winfield Peckham. Boyd was slightly on the stout side and Peckham was like a long drink, tall and slender. It was a great race more than halfway around The Green, but Peckham eventually stepped far out in front and won easily.

Another event required the ball players to place one hand on the flag pole and with the other hand try to throw the ball over the pole. John Schofield, then of Watsessing and now of Baltimore, and Myron Pierson accomplished the feat. This also gives credulity to Hinckle Brennan's claim that he can throw a ball to the top of the Bank and Trust Company's new building. Brennan started quite a controversy with that claim last year.

After his playing days here, Mr. Hughes organized a team in Montclair, with Charlie Davis of Bloomfield playing first base; Sam Carson, rightfield; Buck Nelson, short; Ben Small, third; Charlie Small, pitcher; Lew Small, centerfield; Craig, second base; Dan McMahon, now of Pawtucket, R. I., catcher, and Mickey Higgins, outfielder. Mitt Bull, who with Mort Seigler played on one of Montclair's earlier ball teams, was the team's second pitcher.

Mr. Hughes seldom played on this team, but on one occasion at Belleville scored a home run on a dropped third strike, which was just as much a part of the game then as it is today. The catcher let the ball get away from him and then threw wildly to second base. Mr. Hughes never stopped running until he hit home plate again.

The Montclair team under Mr. Hughes was outfitted in uniforms made by Mrs. Hughes. For years the team played its home games in Montclair and was a bitter rival of teams from Bloomfield, Watsessing, Roseville, Little Falls, Caldwell, Morristown and Dover. J. Henry Harrison, former Essex County state senator, played ball in Caldwell and later joined the Montclair A. C. team.

A notable game at the Montclair A. C. grounds was one between the Athletic Club and the Watsessing club. Billy Burdette scored the only run of the ball game on a tremendous home run. The Watsessing crowd didn't stop cheering for several hours.

Oakie Wood, a famous player of the Montclair A. C.'s, once made good a boast to a crowd in South Orange when he was hooted as the opposing pitcher put across two strikes,

which he failed to hit. Stepping out of the batter's box, Wood pointed his bat at the trees in deep centerfield. The crowd jeered that much more, but the jeers turned to cheers as Oakie smacked the next pitch clean over the trees.

Although Mr. Hughes held a lease on a diamond in Clinton street, Montclair, he was notified one Wednesday that the ground had been plowed up by orders of the man who lived next door to the field. Mr. Hughes went to the neighbor to find out what it was all about and found that the man had in some way obtained a waiver of the original lease and had leased the ground himself, just to stop the ball games. The same day Mr. Hughes located a nice field off Grove street near Walnut street, Montclair, and through Peter McKenna, a Bloomfield contractor and baseball fan, arranged for a new diamond to be laid out. By Saturday McKenna had the field in shape for the ball game.

Later, Mr. Hughes helped Byron Whitehouse organize the Montclair A. C., which was first represented by a baseball team culled from the ranks of the leading collegiate teams of the period, the big three, Yale, Harvard and Princeton.

Mr. Hughes' first job was that of a page boy in the Senate at Trenton. He struck up an acquaintance with Vander Hoven of the Paterson Guardian and became his assistant. While still living in Trenton he recalls a game, between the Philadelphia Athletics and a team representing Trenton but recruited from Princeton University, played at Chambersburg. The Trenton team was shut out by the professional team and Charlie Howe, the Trenton catcher, received a broken nose. Thereafter, whenever the youngsters of the town saw Charlie Howe they called, "Nine skunks and a broken nose," which just about made him wild.

Mr. Hughes was at one time manager of the Nevins Church Press in Glen Ridge and also was vice-president of the Krump Label Company. Sam Krump, the owner of the factory, had large contracts for printing labels for liquor bottles, but was converted to the cause of temperance and refused to print such labels. As a result, the business took a turn for the worse and was eventually sold.

Mr. Hughes is one of few people who have had the opportunity to read their own obituary notice. Shortly after the World War Mr. Hughes returned from the South and read a detailed account of his death in The Newark Sunday Call. Investigation proved that a Thomas J. Hughes, also of Edgemont road, Montclair, had died, but the information about his activities was a report of another Mr. Hughes' life.



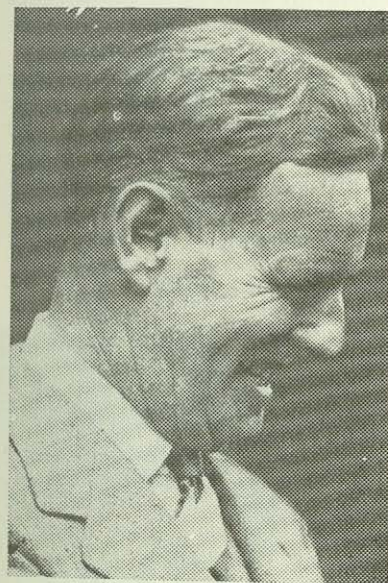


The Bloomfield Cycling Baseball Club of 1894 was the first Bloomfield club to beat Watessing in the famous town rivalry. Reading left to right, rear row, are: Denny Bickler, outfielder; Henny Decker, catcher; Bill Vought, pitcher; Archie Conover, outfielder; Alfred Martin, outfielder; and Fred Gahs, trainer. Front row: Ed Schwert, mascot; Stocko Yeaski, the first of a brilliant race of athletes in town, a Polish boy who could bat and field with the best of them; Charles Smith, manager; Sid Lewis, reserve pitcher and second baseman, and Joe Foster, shortstop. Reclining: Lawrence Perry, first baseman, and Turkey Wark of Belleville, the third baseman. Frank Dailey, who did not appear in this picture, alternated with Sid Lewis at second base.



### LAWRENCE PERRY AND THE BLOOMFIELDS

Lawrence Perry, nationally famous for his syndicated sports articles, and Frank "Pop" Wiley, who still monkeys around with the game, are credited by many as being the best first basemen who ever played in this town. Few people of his day knew Perry as Lawrence, for since he was knee high to a grasshopper he was always known as "Nee." Few people of this day know him for other than his sports comments and his career as fire chief of Glen Ridge, until his retirement on the first of the year.



Lawrence Perry, the Sportswriter

But Nee Perry made his mark in Bloomfield in many ways. His first impression on the town dates back to his knee pants days, when with a group of friends, the spire of the Old First Church was scaled and a thin wire attached to the bell and run through the branches of the trees on The Green to a site in the vicinity of Liberty street. Late one Fourth of July eve there was an exciting clatter of the Old First bell. Almost the entire town was aroused to see what was the matter. The bell was examined but the wire was not discovered. The townspeople wandered home mystified and had hardly settled when the bell began to toll again. It was years before anyone learned the solution of the mystery.

Nee Perry also did considerable boxing as a featherweight and was in a class by himself in Essex county. One night a match was arranged between Perry and "Turkey" Wark of Belleville, a tough hombre in any man's language. Those were the days of bouts between champs of the various towns in North Jersey. The bout was held in Dodd's Hall, now the site of the Pacific Food Market. A large crowd was



present and Perry says Wark had the better of the bout until he slipped in some way and laid himself wide open for a haymaker. Because Perry withheld that haymaker he won the fight right then and there. Wark, recovering from his slip, held out his hand for Perry to shake and declared that he would fight no longer because he should have been out cold. This resulted in a strong friendship which later resulted in Wark playing with Nee Perry on the Bloomfield ball club. Wark later became a fine professional boxer and later a successful business man in Newark.

It was 'The Bloomfield Citizen, the predecessor to this sheet, which helped Perry create another stir in this old town. Perry had been doing a little fighting for Billy Hart. His boxing in Bloomfield was under his own name, but out of town Nee Perry was known as "Young Vincent." Practically everyone in town but his parents and the social set knew of his "double life," but one day The Citizen came out with a story charging him with professionalism. It humiliated his parents and was received with indignation by the church group in town.

But we have strayed a little from our story about Nee Perry, the first baseman. In 1893, Watsessing had a pretty fair club and The Bloomfield Citizen put up a set of bats and gloves and hats for the winner of a three out of four series between Watsessing and Bloomfield. The Bloomfield club was not given much chance in the dope books of those days and the betting odds heavily favored Watsessing. The sharps were evidently right, for Watsessing won.

In 1894, Watsessing humiliated Bloomfield in the first game through the efforts of one Henry Murphy of West Orange, who was imported to pitch against the Bloomfielders. Charlie Smith of the Bloomfields was not to be outdone, so he went to Middletown, N. Y., where the Asylum team had a great battery, Keenan and Rafferty, a combination hard to beat. The second and third games of the series were booked for Labor Day. Keenan held Watsessing in the palm of his hand in the morning game at Watsessing and Bloomfield won, 15 to 0. In the afternoon, Billy Vought took advantage of Watsessing's upset condition to win, 12 to 4. That fixed Watsessing's wagon for that season.



*Nee Perry, the player  
taken from an old photograph*

Bloomfield apparently won the series in 1895, but because of an internal row the Bloomfield club busted up after that season and Decker and Perry joined the Watsessing club for the 1896 and 1897 campaigns.

The Watsessing team of that time was composed of Jack Ferguson, catcher; Bob Fester, pitcher; Lou Thornall, first base; Henry Murphy, second base; Frank (Birdie) Ferguson, shortstop; Henry Bradley, third base; Dick Hayhurst, Albert (Dickie) Ellor, Archie Daily and Larry Hesterfer, outfielders. At this time, Jack Ferguson also managed the Watsessing Alpines, a junior team, which later became the Watsessing club in the town series.

Lawrence Perry recalls two riots which took place during his playing career and freely admits that he was the cause of many a bump on the noggin in one of them. In 1895, Bloomfield and Watsessing were playing on the old Glen Ridge Outing Grounds in the vicinity of Douglas road and Lincoln street. It was late in the game, with Bloomfield ahead 1 to 0, when Fester got to first base safely. Fester was liberal with his leads off the bag but always managed to scamper back to safety until Perry borrowed a knife from one of the spectators and cut the straps which held the bag in place. The next time Fester tried to scamper back Perry kicked the bag away with his foot at the same time he reached down and tagged Fester, who was vainly trying to paw at the bag with his fingers.

Wallace Cadmus, who umpired all the games at the time, called Fester out. Then the fun began. There was one policeman present, and his efforts to stop the battling resulted in the loss of his hat, badge and club, to say the least. Perry later admitted his guilt and the game was continued. And as a moral to this story, Bloomfield finally lost the game.

Another riot was not of Perry's making. A game was booked with the Vespers of Newark. Bloomfield took a safe lead and about 50 followers thought it was time for a little refreshment, so they hied to a nearby saloon. After the drinks were downed, someone shouted, "There's another home run," and everyone rushed out without paying. When the barkeep finally got the word around to his friends, the deadbeats and the Bloomfield ball players were stoned and run out of town. Perry, who to this day hikes about 30 miles every week-end with Newell Neidlinger and Al McGall, says his legs were considerably strengthened that day when he ran half way to Bloomfield Center.





*The Watsessing Baseball Club of 1896, the heyday of the sport in that section of Bloomfield. Although not in the picture, Lawrence Perry played with this team in addition to performing on Sunday with the Alerts of Seton Hall. This team also gave Larry Hesterfer his first chance with a strong semi-pro ball team, starting as center fielder and later going into the box. Reading from left to right, rear: Larry Hesterfer, center field; Henry Bradley, third base; Archie Dailey, manager, captain and left fielder; Craig Dailey, secretary, and Albert Ellor, second base. Front row: Joe James, pitcher; Larry Thornall, first base; Jack Ferguson, catcher; John Hesterfer, right fielder and pitcher; and Frank "Birdie" Ferguson, shortstop and treasurer.*



### LARRY HESTERFER, ANOTHER PITCHER

The line of famous Bloomfield pitchers which included Charlie Smith, Johnny Mulhearn, Joe Mann, Billy Vought and Joc James, was continued by Larry Hesterfer, and later by "Bink" Bousewine, George Samuelson, Alex Ferguson, and more recently by Bob Miller and Hank Borowy.

Joe James and Larry Hesterfer were two of the first southpaw pitchers in these parts. James was a fine chucker for two seasons. He was succeeded by Jack Hesterfer, who moved in from his outfield position. Jack was in the box the day Larry got his first start. He was apparently having a tough time in the box and some of the younger Watsessing crowd set up a chant, "Put the Kid in." The kid, Larry Hesterfer, went in and the visiting team hardly got a foul from then on.



—Newark News Photo.

*Larry Hesterfer today*

Larry's delivery was deceiving. Several fans of the day say it looked easy to hit and most of the batters reared back and tried to smack it a mile. The ball, however, had just a little bend and a dip on the end and many a batter nearly broke his back swinging.

Larry pitched for Watsessing until the turn of the century and when the Eastern League was organized in 1902 and Newark obtained a franchise, Larry went with the Newark club. Ernie Lanigan, information director of the International League of Professional



Baseball Clubs, the successor to the Eastern League, cites his league record as follows:

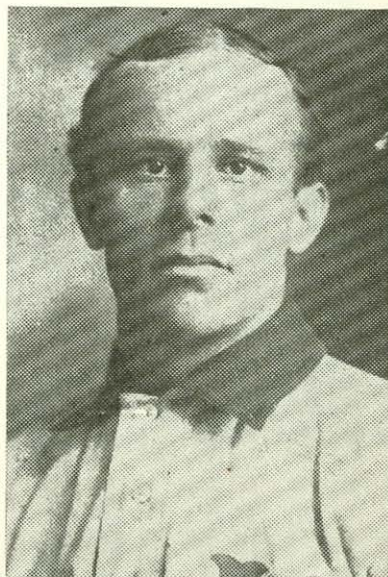
Year	Club	Won	Lost	Shutouts
1902	Newark	6	13	0
1903	Newark	17	12	3
1904	Newark	23	16	5
1905	Newark	19	17	3
1906	Newark	11	4	1
1907	Toronto	16	11	0

His three shutouts in 1905 were all pitched against the Rochester Club. During his stay with Newark, Hesterfer was once credited with striking out three batters with nine pitched balls. His best strikeout feat in the Eastern League was turned in on May 5th, 1903, when he fanned 10 Providence players, but was beaten 4 to 3.

Before going with Newark, it was not unusual for Hesterfer to strike out 20 batters a game and in the early days of his career foul balls did not count as strikes and were of no help to the pitcher as they are now. Hesterfer's prowess at the plate in semi-pro circles resulted in his frequent use in the outfield, but once he joined the Newark club he kept his foot in the bucket most of the time and was woefully weak with the stick. Whether or not he recovered his batting form when he rejoined the ranks of the semi-pros with Orrin Dodd's Bloomfield Baseball Club at Williamson Oval is immaterial.

Hesterfer is a reticent individual and interviewing him is no easy task. Larry can't recall why he quit the Newark team, but remembers that Frank Gatins was captain of the Newark club and for some reason ordered him out of the box when he was going good. Larry went to the showers and straight home. He refused to listen to the pleadings of Walter Burnham, manager of the club. As a result, Burnham arranged for his sale to Toronto. Hesterfer pitched well in Toronto and his club won the pennant that year. He has two gold medals to attest this honor.

Larry Hesterfer thinks something is wrong with the modern day pitchers who complain of overwork if made to pitch as often as three day a week and then develop a sore arm. Larry says it was not an



Larry Hesterfer  
in a Newark uniform

infrequent task to pitch a doubleheader for Newark on a Sunday and at least two other games during the week.

On one occasion Larry asked Walter Burnham of the Newark club for a few days off so he could take a trip with his wife to upper New York State. Burnham agreed to it only if Hesterfer would pitch a doubleheader the day before he started away and again the day he returned. In addition he was made to promise not to pitch for anyone else while away on his trip.

Even when pitching for Watsessing on Saturday afternoons it was not unusual for Hesterfer to pitch on Sundays with Joe McDonough's Orange Valley club. Upon his return from Toronto Hesterfer pitched for Orrin Dodd's Bloomfield club at Williamson Oval and his catcher was Bill Burdette, rated by Larry as the best catcher ever to receive him.

Nap Shea of the Newark team was also a good catcher, Larry recalls, and some of the players on those Newark clubs he toiled for were Ed Moriarity, Al Pardee, John Burke, Jimmy Jones, Jimmy Cockman and Arthur Devlin.

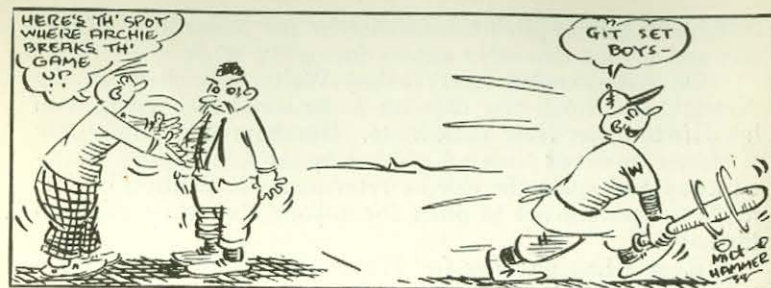
When his playing days were over, Larry Hesterfer went into the peddling business and about 25 years ago took a job in the Thomas Oakes & Company Woolen Mills, where he is still employed. Hesterfer lives at 10 Sycamore street with his wife and family. One of his four sons, "Bus," developed into quite a pitcher (right-hander) for the Congers and Bloomfield Separates a few year ago. Another son, Frank, played the outfield for another semi-pro club a few years later.

J. W. Schofield of Baltimore, Md., mentioned in a recent article in this series, was in Bloomfield recently. Mr. Schofield vividly recalls tossing the ball over the Liberty flag pole, 110 feet high, at the head of The Green. The pole stood for 50 years until blown down in a storm a year or so ago and has been replaced by a steel pole.

The contests of the day were confined to members of the Montclair club and the Bloomfield baseball team of the period. Mr. Schofield arrived after the contest was over and someone suggested that he try his hand at the throwing. Getting off a way, he threw the ball 40 feet over the pole and higher than anyone else had thrown it.

He then promised to put on a stunt which had never been witnessed before. Putting his left hand on the pole and bending his body so far back that his right hand almost touched the ground while keeping his feet on the ground, he gave a tremendous heave. The ball passed over the pole.





### ARCHIE DAILEY, A BIG MAN

Archie Dailey, one of the greatest athletes who ever trod the outfield for a ball team in Bloomfield, was a big man in every sense of the word. He was not only one of the most versatile athletes who ever lived in the town but was an unusual leader in many fields of endeavor. Archie Dailey was six feet two and a half inches tall and weighed in the neighborhood of 225 pounds from the time of his youth until his death at the age of 43 as a result of a heart ailment.



*Archie Dailey*

At 16 years of age he represented the Orange Y. M. C. A. in a fencing tournament, held in the Orange Music Hall, and came out of the tournament state champion. Two years later, playing football for the New York A. C., as a guard, he played against both the Yale and Princeton teams of the time. In and about the same time he represented the New York A. C. in the hockey rink (for a mere \$50 per game), and took up boxing as a hobby. It was about this time also that Arch Dailey organized his first Watsessing baseball team, the name of which was continued for more than 20 years and which survived its organizer by only a year or two. His business of making photographic paper under the trade name of the United States Aristotype Company, and competing with the Eastman Kodak Company, also prospered during his lifetime but survived him by only two years. His factory in Ella street was a combination factory and gymnasium. The downstairs portion was given over to a bowling alley, a complete gymnasium equipped for the training of boxers, and adjacent was a tennis court upon which Arch Dailey could hold his own with the best Bloomfield had to offer.

This sounds like a pretty strong order for a man and per-

haps you may be led to ask, "What did he do in his spare time?"

Well, Archibald Hector Dailey, for that was his real name, did a little foot racing, engaged in walking contests, coached and acted as interlocutor in minstrel shows, which he put on annually to help finance his baseball team, and was such an outstanding citizen that he was approached by a group of town leaders with an offer to elect him Mayor of Bloomfield. Arch Dailey turned the chance down and the man selected in his place walked off with the mayoralty contest hands down.

Arch Dailey came to Bloomfield as a boy from Rochester, N. Y., where he was born. His father conducted a nursery farm along both sides of Ella street from Bloomfield avenue to a point beyond the present Delaware place.

He was a strict believer in temperance of all sorts and never smoked or touched a drop of liquor. In his many years as head of the Watsessing team he set down a training schedule, not by any declaration, but by example. He was a good left fielder, perhaps not the greatest baseball player this town has ever seen, but certainly one of the hardest-hitting batters of his day or any other. He was the sturdy oak type. His chief fame was in his many extra-base wallops, usually delivered with the bases well populated.

Arch played on the Watsessing team for several years before he took over the managership. Joe James was the first pitcher in his long line of star talent and although Joe pitched only two seasons his work will long be remembered by the fans of that period. John Hesterfer was also a crack pitcher for a couple of seasons, and then came Larry Hesterfer, of whom we have already written.

To Jack Ferguson goes a lot of the credit of developing Larry as a pitcher, for Jack was unquestionably the best catcher that ever wore a Watsessing uniform. His quick, snappy throw to second base was a terror to all base runners, and his judgment of opposing batters often got Watsessing out of many a tight hole. Frank "Birdie" Ferguson was another star of the Dailey regime. His equal as a base runner has never been found in this locality and he was a crack infielder and a steady batter. Bill Durning and Charlie Havens were both good pitchers under Dailey, as were Ernie Wolf and George "Bink" Bousewine. Otto Hambacher also broke in under Arch Dailey and after nine years in professional ranks returned to Bloomfield to continue to play for him. Arch's own playing days ended in 1914, when he was taken ill.

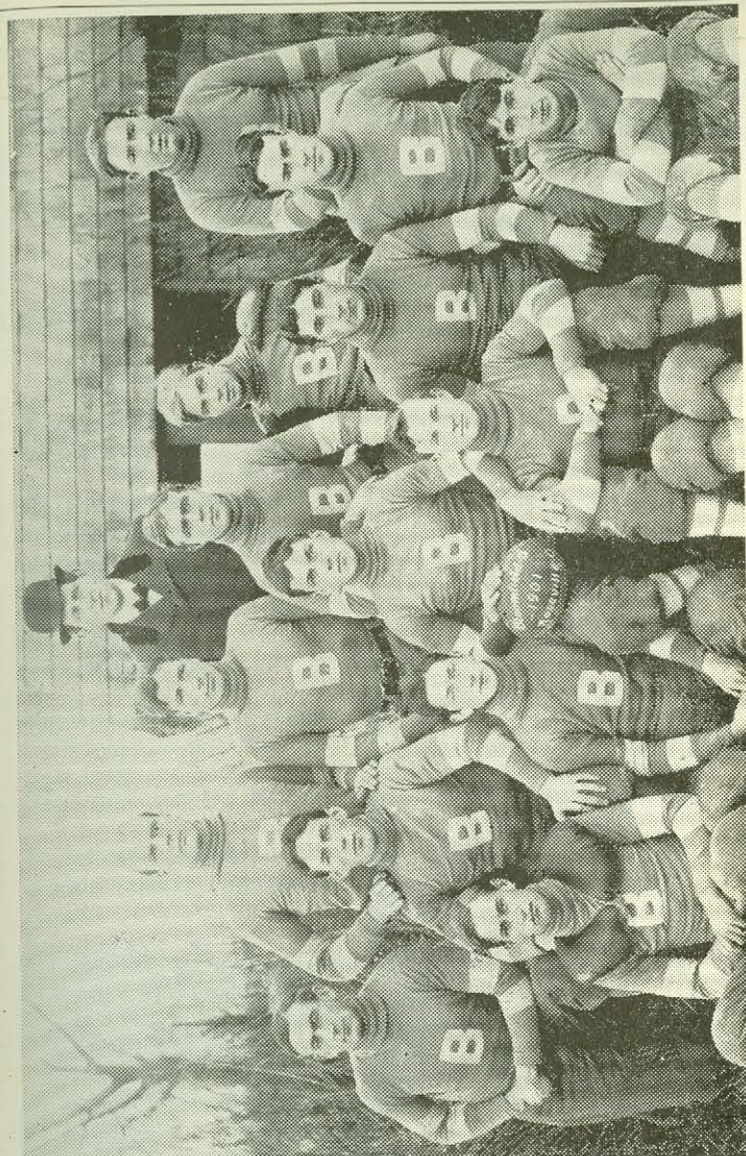
The first diamond for the Watsessing team was laid out on the site of the present Wiggins factory, as was explained in the Mickey Higgins article. The next stop for the Watsessing club was in Charles street, later on Arlington avenue near the Erie railroad bridge, now the site of one of the huge Westinghouse buildings, and still later in Locust avenue, now the site of the Rajah Company plant. After Arch's death, a Watsessing team played for a brief time on the top of Watsessing hill, now occupied by another Westinghouse building and part of the buildings of Lehn & Fink.



In addition to playing football for the New York A. C., Arch played guard and tackle for the Newark A. C., the Montclair A. C., and the Orange A. C. He later coached a Bloomfield semi-pro team, a Forest Hill team and the Orange A. C. He also served as football coach of the Hackettstown Military Academy in 1903.

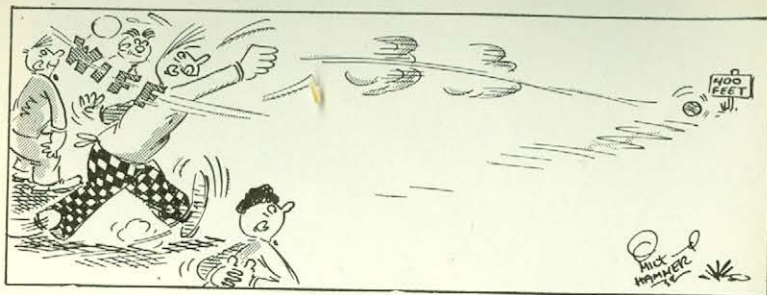
His workshop gymnasium was a meeting place for anyone interested in sports but especially so for those who liked to box. Lawrence Perry got his boxing lessons there, as did Tom Maxfield, the local amateur heavyweight champion. It was from Arch Dailey that Jim Savage learned his fighting and such champions as Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jess Willard often put on the gloves with Dailey in that shop. Friends who saw some of those bouts say Arch could easily have become heavyweight boxing champion of the world when at his peak.

When Dailey died in 1917, his passing was mourned by every man, woman and child in Bloomfield who ever came in contact with him or feasted upon his heroic form in athletic endeavor. Dailey was truly one of nature's noblemen. He was the epitome of sportsmanship and old-time fans can recall incidents without number when games between the Watsessings and Bloomfield or Montclair A. C. or Clark's O. N. T.'s or the Montclair A. A. and other bitter rivals were halted by arguments over umpires' decisions. Finally the opposing players would leave it up to Arch Dailey and promise to abide by his decision. Dailey would decide and the games would continue. Many of the times his decisions were adverse to his own club.



On this amateur football club, coached by Arch Dailey, most of the boys were recent graduates of Bloomfield High School, although that was not one of the qualifications for membership. The picture was taken after the team had trimmed its arch rival from Roseville by a 6 to 0 score. Arch Dailey is the lad in the iron hat and the cupid's bow necktie. The more padded individuals are, in the usual order, top row: Tom Maxfield, Jack Maxfield, Howard Ellor, Steve Tydeman and Will Ellor. Second row: Al Martin, unidentified, Sam Bredon, captain, now the owner of the St. Louis Cardinals' chain baseball system; Otto Hambacher and unidentified. Front row: Joseph Garrabrant, George Batzle, Bill Bligh and Harry Cook.





## "DEAGLE" HAMBACHER, AND 35 YEARS OF BALL

He would be playing yet, if adversity had not overtaken his wife about seven years ago, that grand oldtimer of Watsessing and Bloomfield baseball history, Adam, "Otto," "Deagle" or "Jock" Hambacher. "Deagle" Hambacher played the game for 35 years and all of that time he was up in big company, nine of them with minor league teams and the rest with semi-pro clubs which could knock the spots out of plenty of the minor league baseball teams today. Mrs. Hambacher has been confined to a wheel chair since 1932.



*Hambacher today*

Over that span of years Hambacher played with practically every good semi-pro team in New Jersey and New York as well as serving some time with Newark and Baltimore in the Eastern League, Newark in the Atlantic League, Holyoke, Mass., in the Connecticut State League, with teams in the New England League and with Charlotte, N. C., in the Southern Association.

"Deagle" always was an amateur player at heart, mainly because he was born about 25 years too soon. In Hambacher's heyday, minor league outfielders had a tough time getting more than \$25 per week, while it was easy enough to pick up that much per game as a semi-pro player

"Deagle" was by no means an ordinary player. He was a star from the day when he broke in with Watsessing in 1897 at the age of 15 years until the day when he finally quit after captaining the Bronx A. C., on which he played with his son, Ernie, one of the greatest athletes ever to represent Bloomfield High School, in 1932.

in certain sections. At that, Hambacher would rather have played for nothing than gone without playing.

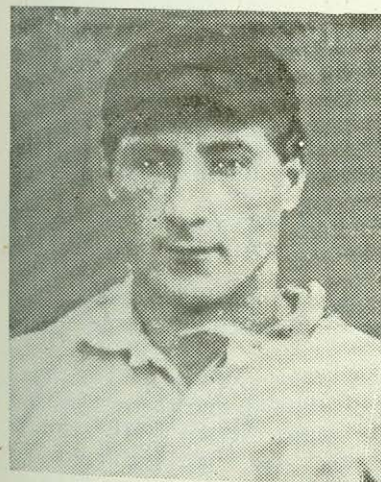
Hambacher does not quite know how he got the name of "Otto," since he was christened "Adam," but he was always easy going and didn't care what he was called as long as he could play ball. Few people other than his wife call him "Jock." Even as a youngster on the Watsessing team in 1897, Hambacher was known for his speed on the basepaths, his batting ability and his ability to throw strikes from the outfield. One Fourth of July he won a medal for throwing a baseball close to 400 feet at Williamson oval.

A clipping in his possession tells of Hambacher's introduction to professional baseball. Pittsburgh had won the National League pennant in 1903 and was playing the Newark Sailors in an exhibition game at Wiedenmayer's Park. Hambacher was offered a tryout and started in centerfield. During the first eight innings Hambacher cut off two Pittsburgh runs with throws from deep center. Each ball arrived at the catcher's glove about one foot above the plate. The first cut down a runner attempting to score from third base after the catch of a fly ball. The second runner tried to score from second on a single to centerfield. In the eighth, Newark, which had gone hitless up to that time, scored three runs and won the game, 3 to 1. Hambacher started it with a single, so the faded clipping says, and Jones also singled. Bannon sacrificed and Frank Gatins cleaned the bases with a double. Gatins stole third and on his attempt to steal home scored on the catcher's error. Al Pardee pitched the game for Newark.

Newark failed to hold on to Hambacher, however, and he went to Elmira in the New York State League the next year. In 1907 he played with Newark in the outlaw Atlantic League and was the only player appearing in 100 games or

more to bat over .300. Hambacher's mark was .302. He also led the league in stolen bases. He played with Baltimore in the Eastern League the next season and topped the batters in that circuit with a .303 average that season.

Hambacher more or less divided his playing between Watsessing and Bloomfield for a few years thereafter and was razed by rooters on both sides because of his divided allegiance. One day when he played with Watsessing against Bloomfield and Bloomfield won, the Bloomfield rooters got a



*Hambacher in 1899*

crowd into a big wagon and drove to his house and treated him



to the best assortment of Bronx cheers ever heard in this town. It was all in fun, however, and "Deagle" was never one to get angry at another ball player or the fans.

Later, Hambacher played strictly amateur baseball for the Sprague Electric team in the Newark Industrial League. Still later he performed for the Bloomfield Elks, and later captained the Marshall & Ball team in the Newark Banking League and the Morristown and Westinghouse teams managed by Ollie Sachs. With these teams, one of his mates was a lad called "Babe" Long, who turned out to be none other than Lou Gehrig, the ironman of the New York Yankees.

In Hambacher's opinion, the heyday of baseball in Bloomfield was that period when the Watsessings, managed and captained by Archie Dailey, would engage Orrin Dodd's Bloomfields in bitter battles every holiday. "They played baseball for fun then and they played it with everything they had. The Bloomfield Elks' team in later years was admittedly a great team, but it was a professional team, made up of men who in many cases had seen their best playing days."

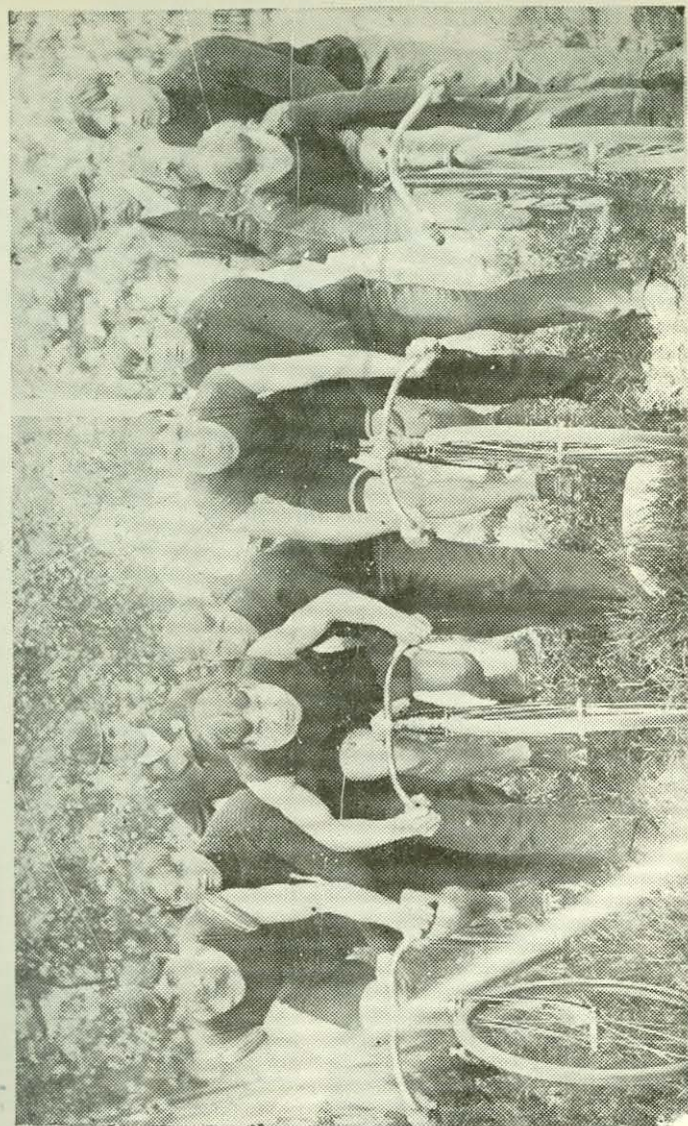
"Deagle" Hambacher should know, because he played with the Elks along with Frank Wiley, who started at first base for Bloomfield the same year Hambacher joined that team. Rupe Mills and Marty Kavanaugh were old timers. And even John Mahoney, though not in the same age class, had played his best ball with the Bloomfield Lyceum some seven or eight years previously.

In his youth, "Deagle" Hambacher was also a bicycle rider of considerable repute. He would ride in 25-mile amateur races at the old Vailsburgh board track and has several medals and trophies to attest to his prowess. Following many of these races, Hambacher would stay right on his bicycle and pedal another half dozen miles to the Watsessing baseball field and there he would change his clothes and join his teammates for the afternoon's game.

As an end and halfback, Hambacher also played football for Bloomfield, Forest Hill and Orange football teams, and from all reports he was pretty good at that sport, too. Archie Dailey gave Hambacher instructions in the manly art of self-defense in his photo finishing shop in Ella street, since torn down. That shop would resound to the noise of leather against leather and leather against skin night after night, as even the big name professionals would come here for boxing lessons from the great Dailey.

Mrs. Hambacher has always meant a great deal to the hero of our piece, and the story of their meeting is best told by Mrs. Hambacher herself.

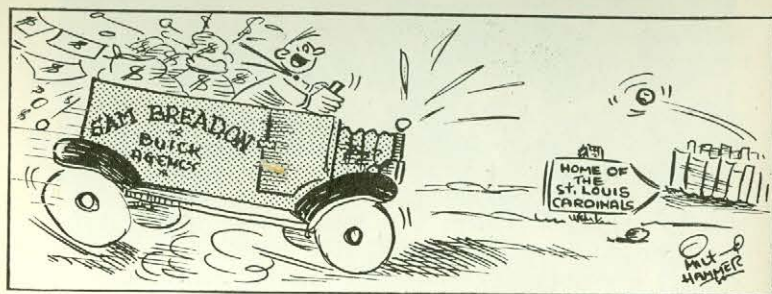
"Jock" was a quiet young man when he first played baseball for Watsessing. He played rightfield, and there is where I would stand or sit to watch the game. When "Jock" would do anything I would applaud with all my might, but it wasn't until the season was half over that he would give me even a little smile. The season almost closed before he got up nerve to ask me to go for a bicycle ride with him. After that it didn't take him long to pick me for his bride."



*While this is primarily a series of baseball stories, this picture of Adam Hambacher as a bicycle rider more closely identifies him with one period of his life than any one of the hundreds of baseball pictures in his collection. To use one of his baseball pictures would be to slight other great teams on which Hambacher played.*

*In the front row of the accompanying picture, reading in the usual order, are: Hambacher, Ad Worthington, father of the young man now performing in football for Villanova; George Smith, Fred Schofield, Otto Wolf and Joe Wolf, brothers of Mrs. Hambacher; Robert Ashworth, bicycle rider and jockey, and Bert Murphy. In the rear row are August Manderside, Ad Worthington's father, and Jim Wilson, the trainer. These boys often trained with Frank Kramer, who later became the greatest bicycle rider of all time.*





### SAM BREADON OF THE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

One of the biggest and smartest men in baseball today probably engaged in his only actual sports participation right here in Bloomfield. That was long before he made his money by dealing in motor cars and contracts of baseball players. Yes, Sam Breadon, owner of the St. Louis Cardinals and a



*Sam Breadon*

flock of farm clubs, lived in Bloomfield from 1898 to about 1904. He has probably been too busy since. It is a long time since then, but Sam Breadon has traveled the long but far from easy way.

F. Joseph Muller, now a Bloomfield councilman, lived next door to Sam Breadon when he lived at 176 Montgomery street. Breadon came here with his widowed mother and sister, Mabel. While living here he worked as an accountant in the Seamen's Saving Bank, in New York.

As far as I can learn, Sam Breadon joined the Bloomfield football club in the season of 1900 and was soon afterwards elected captain despite the fact

that he was perhaps the smallest player. As one member of the team pointed out, there was, as usual, several factions, each with its favorite. Sam had a lot of initiative and was more or less a compromise candidate to prevent internal discord. He played end and weighed about 145 pounds. He also played basketball here. He probably does not realize how football has grown in popularity in Bloomfield.

Baseball was at the time in its ascendancy in Bloomfield, with the Bloomfield-Watsessing games commanding the major interest in these parts. It can be assumed that Sam Breadon's

interest in baseball as a fan can in some measure be traced back to this rivalry.

Teammates on the Bloomfield football club captained by Sam Breadon were: Tom and Jack Maxfield, Steve Tydeman, Will Ellor, Al Martin, Otto Hambacher, Joseph Garabrant, George Batzle, Bill Bligh, Harry Cook, Roger Jacobus, Harry Watkins, Howard Dodd, George Watts and Clifford Ray.

Fort Hancock's soldiers, the Deerfoots of Elizabeth, the Oratans of Newark, the Riversides of Hackensack, the Rosevilles of Newark, the Peerless team of Newark and Fort Totten's soldiers formed the opposition. One game even was played with Fordham University's varsity gridders, when Fordham wasn't putting out the giant clubs of recent years.

After leaving here, Sam Breadon made his money in St. Louis, where he obtained the Buick car agency. His interests in baseball were renewed when he was offered an opportunity to buy into the ownership of the St. Louis Cardinals. Someone recently estimated that he is now worth about \$16,000,000, but what is a couple of million one way or another. I guess that rates him as a local boy who made good.

The following thumbnail biography of Sam Breadon appeared in the Sporting News, baseball's own newspaper, on November 21st, 1935.

"Sam Breadon, president of the St. Louis Cardinals—one of the smartest business men in baseball . . . A millionaire, and he made it all himself . . . Started life in New York and gave up an accountant's job in bank for doubtful chance in automobile industry . . . Went to St. Louis at time of World's Fair . . . Greased cars and helped in garage . . . Slept on cot in rear and ate meals there . . . Wound up owning the business . . . If he believed in a friend's business ability, he'd back him without security, taking share of profits . . . Such ventures proved profitable . . . Started in baseball same way, as small shareholder in Cardinals . . . Gradually increased holdings until now he owns approximately 80 per cent of the combined stock outstanding . . . Has dogged determination and courage . . . Nobody ever bluffed him, physically or financially . . . Never cared for gambling games, cards or races, but would risk everything on his judgment . . . Fond of most sports, but a red-hot fan from boyhood . . . Reads great deal and has excellent memory . . . Can talk to college professors and carry off his end, though when he gets up to speak he gets fussed easily and sometimes reverts to New York accent, saying thoity-thoid, etc. . . . Genial host with engaging smile, which can change to huge cakes of dry ice when he thinks someone is trying to give him the woiks . . . Last year he had an idea he wanted to sell out . . . But now he's glad the deal fell through . . . At 54, he swims, plays golf, rides horses and is happiest on his 200-acre farm near St. Louis . . . An outspoken hombre, he nevertheless is well liked among all major league club owners and is known as a progressive in the councils of the game . . ."



The biography is almost four years old but still holds good.

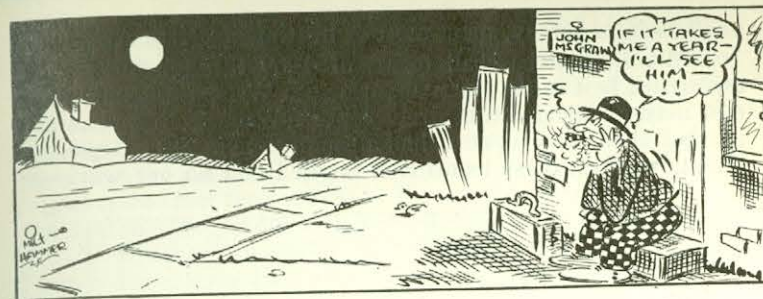
There is little need for reciting the record of the St. Louis Cardinals or their International League counterparts, the Rochester Red Wings, at this time, but there is a saying that tells a lot about the Cardinal policy under Sam Breadon. It is, "No one ever dies on the Cardinals." It means that the Cardinals dispose of their athletes when they start to fade and while they still can get something for their contracts.

But the Cardinals are known for other things in connection with their elaborate farm system. Many baseball players in the big leagues today came up through the Card farms and were sold to another club because the Cardinal management knew they were ready for the big time but there was no place on the Cardinal team at the time. This system has also helped make the Cardinal chain system meet expenses. While this probably can be said of other chains, the Card chain was the original and set the example.

Horace S. Miller Jr. of 150 Berkeley avenue sent a copy of The Independent Press containing the article on Sam Breadon to him in St. Louis and received the following letter of thanks from the St. Louis Cardinal owner.

"Many thanks for your kindness in sending me the clipping from the Bloomfield paper. I was through Bloomfield a year ago, and it certainly has grown since I left. I never would have known the town; it has been built up so thickly with such fine homes and buildings.

"Reading the article brought back many pleasant recollections. I always felt that the last Bloomfield club I played on was a pretty good football club."



### ORRIN DODD, SAILOR, BALLPLAYER AND BUSINESS MAN

Baseball in Bloomfield until 1908 was strictly an amateur game, with Archie Dailey's Watsessing team the best in the vicinity. After that even the Watsessing team went semi-pro because otherwise it would have stood little chance against Orrin Dodd's great Bloomfield Baseball Clubs. Mr. Dodd was a player in the bare hand days of about 60 years ago but had been out of ball for many years when he joined a group of men who played pickup sides at Williamson Oval about 1906. Mr. Dodd organized that group into an amateur team and later as new and younger blood was needed, with the help of Bill Burdette, rounded up a pretty fast nine. In fact, it was fast enough to rate the distinction of being the best team ever to represent Bloomfield on the diamond.

The original Williamson Oval group included in its ranks Edward J. Hughes, later a very able town councilman and financier, Johnny Hague and William Breck.

Orrin C. Dodd was a member of one of the oldest families in Bloomfield. His brother, Joseph H. Dodd, was treasurer of the Bloomfield Trust Company, and another brother, Allison Dodd, is still in the banking business as chairman of the board of the Bloomfield Bank & Trust Company. Orrin, however, went in for fire insurance in New York after in his youth having spent seven years on the sea. He sailed around the Horn several times and on his last trip around on the sailing ship "Saranac" he was first officer.

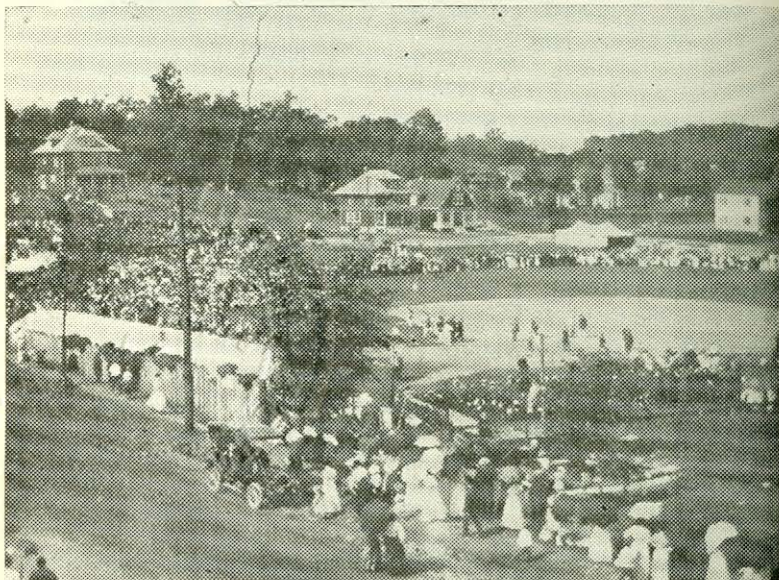
When his sailing days were over he took up baseball and played a strong game at second base for both Bloomfield and Watsessing teams. It has been reported that he even had a chance at playing professional baseball but since the gentleman is no longer with us that point cannot be verified.

Soon after his baseball team here was disbanded, Mr. Dodd sold out his insurance business and entered a new field, that of making barrel and keg staves. The business was conducted in Virginia, where Mr. Dodd and his partner, Paul Wagner (still conducting the business) would move their portable mills into timber lands, where they bought the lumbering rights. The barrel staves were shipped to industrial centers of the East and Mid-west by the carload lot. Mr. Dodd retired from this business six years before his death at Mountinside Hospital in 1935. After leaving Bloomfield, Mr. Dodd, on his



visits to New Jersey, spent most of his time in Perth Amboy.

Mr. Dodd's baseball teams of 1909 through 1914 were among the best in the state. Games with Watsessing and minor and major league teams drew capacity crowds, but semi-pro baseball then, even as now, had a tough time meeting expenses. Just how much these teams cost Orrin Dodd no one will ever



*Williamson Oval as it appeared from Williamson avenue one Fourth of July. Notice the automobile in the foreground, the parasols and the street-sweeping skirts on the women.*

know. It has been estimated by some of those in a position to know that they cost him on an average of about \$1,000 per year. On one occasion it cost him more than that when he was faced with losing his ball field. Mr. Dodd bought Williamson Oval to protect his investment in the team. Later he offered the field to the Board of Education at cost but the Board wasn't interested, so he sold the property to a speculator who split it up into building lots and sold part of it to the Bloomfield Tennis Club. Williamson Oval was located at the corner of Williamson avenue and Liberty street and ran through to Berkeley avenue. It was a natural amphitheatre and was the scene of all kinds of community activities, including the Fourth of July celebrations.

The World War caused the breaking up of the Bloomfield club. Many of the fans were working six and seven days a week in nearby munitions plants and had no time for baseball. After a lapse of two years, the team was revived with Mr. Dodd as silent partner and the games were played on a field off Walnut street between Liberty and Mulberry streets, now the site of the James E. Brooks Iron Works. This second venture never quite reached the heights of the 1912-13 teams.

In the first period the Troy and Utica, N. Y., teams of the Federal League trained at Morris park in Newark and visited Bloomfield several times for exhibition games. The Cuban Stars, with the famous battery of Mendez and Gonzales, who beat the New York Giants in Cuba, the Lincoln Colored Giants, the Newark Eastern League team and several other minor league teams met their match in Bloomfield. Two teams which spanked the Bloomfield club were the New York Giants, with Christy Matthewson, and a barnstorming team of New York League Stars, composed of Yankee and Giant players.

To get the Giants here, Mr. Dodd spent considerable time and money. He parked on John McGraw's doorstep in New York for weeks before he arranged the first game. The second game was much easier to arrange. In order to get the Great Matty to pitch, Mr. Dodd had to put up an extra \$50. The fifty was for Matty.

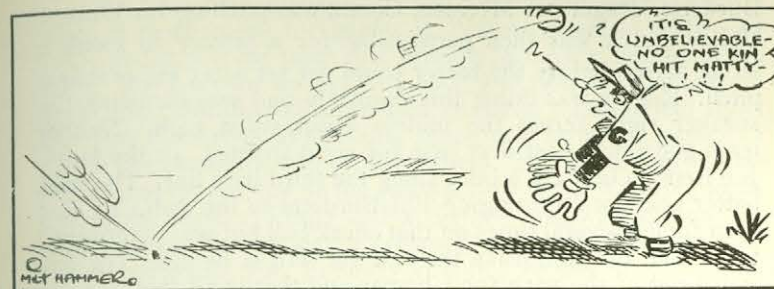
The 1912 team had the best record. It lost but one game to the New York Major League Stars and among its victims was the Newark team. In the order in which they batted the players on that team were: Abe Cohen, right fielder and speed boy; Joe Lennon, now a Montclair cop, the shortstop and one of the greatest players in this section; Charlie Eagler, left fielder and consistent batter; Bill Burdette, catcher and long-distance swatter; Frank Wiley, who is still playing ball here, first base; Deagle Hambacher, center field; Doc Stuart, second baseman imported from Irvington for his strength at bat and in the field; Joe Flannery, third baseman; Larry Hesterfer, Jim Hanley and Jimmy Taggart, pitchers. Hesterfer had recently returned from his service in the Eastern League. Hanley was the star flinger of the Manhattan College team, which even then was a power in collegiate baseball circles, and Taggart later made the minor leagues.

Mr. Dodd also served as chairman of the Fourth of July games for many years. The games included baseball, a track meet, band concert and for several years a balloon ascension. One year when Captain Woodruff dropped out of the balloon with his parachute he had a narrow escape. He landed in the middle of Oakes pond. J. William Betts of Watsessing swam out and brought him to shore. The balloon feature was discontinued when Captain Woodruff met with less luck when he fell in the Hudson river, in a New York appearance.





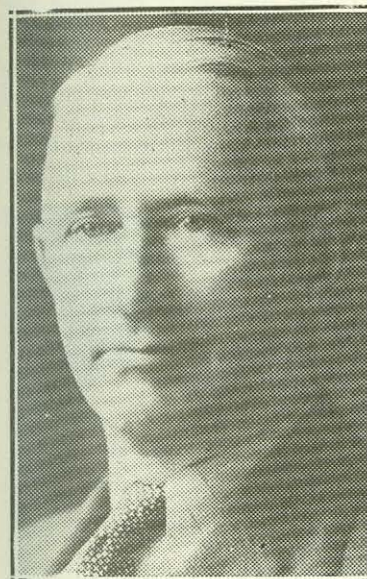
The 1908 Bloomfield team was one of the few with which Mr. Dodd consented to pose. Those in the picture above are: Chet Hague, right field; Deagle Hambacher, left field; Orrin Dodd, manager; Fred Tydeman, pitcher, captain of the Cornell football team; Officer Ed Shorter; John Hague, assistant manager; John Dillon, scorekeeper; Archie Slingerland, short stop; Lee Waterfield, pitcher; "Rudy," right field; Bill Vought; second base; Frank Wiley, first base; Edward O'Neil, third base.



### BILL BURDETTE, LONG-DISTANCE SWATTER

The nation had its "Babe" Ruth for a long-distance hitting hero, but Bloomfield had its own home-run king in William P. "Bill" Burdette, the best catcher who ever donned a mask in Bloomfield. Bill is still working behind a shield, but

it is only a little metal badge worded "Assistant Building Inspector, Town of Bloomfield, N. J." Everyone who recalls the deeds of Orrin Dodd's Bloomfield Baseball Club remembers some game in which Bill hit a home run. He is credited with even hitting one off the offerings of the Great Matty in the second game between Bloomfield and the New York Giants. Early in the game Bill hit a line drive to left field with such force that the Giant outfielder looked at the ball in amazement for a second before he started to field it. He didn't field it because the ball got lost in the weeds which grew along Liberty street, just



Bill Burdette, today.

off the playing field. But Bill does not brag about that. He says he got a couple of hits off Matty when no one was aboard and Matty was letting the boys have some fun. But later in the game with two men on base Christy Matthewson tossed two fast ones which Bill barely fouled and then sent across his famous "fadeaway." "I missed that ball by two feet," Bill said recently.

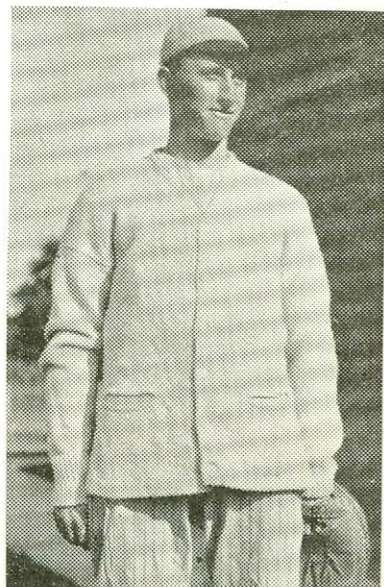
It was a home run which "made" Bill Burdette. The Bloomfield Lyceum had a team in 1907 and played a series of games with the Orange Valley club. The teams split the first two games and both padded up for the last. For some reason the Lyceum couldn't get the catcher it wanted, so took Bill



Burdette. Rogers of Meriden, Conn., was pitching for Orange Valley and it was then permissible for a pitcher to sneak a strike across before the batter could get set after the previous pitch. Rogers was doing this regularly and was throwing the sneaker right across the middle about waist high. Neither team got a man past first base for eight innings. In the ninth, Joe Lennon beat out a bunt along the third base line. The next batter also got on, bringing Bill Burdette to the dish. He had been fooled several times on that sneak ball but was determined to hit that one and leave the rest go. Hit it he did! The ball sailed out of the park for a homer and that is all there was to the ball game. Bill was strictly a Saturday ballplayer because of parental objection, but this game was played on a Sunday. Much to Bill's chagrin his picture appeared in the Newark papers on Monday with a caption, "Hero." No one knows just what happened to the 17-year-old Billy at the time but one thing is certain, that henceforth Bill Burdette's name never appeared in the lineup of a Sunday game. However, for many years there was a young man called Bill Davis catching for Orange Valley on Sundays and he bore a strange resemblance to Burdette.

It was parental objection to Sunday baseball and a good job which paid a salary of about twice that offered by Walter Burnham's Newark Tars, that kept Bill Burdette out of the leagues. But later in his career Bill was extensively booked by Dave Driscoll and Nat Strong for appearances all over the state. It was on one of these bookings that Bill received his only broken fingers. He was catching George McConnell of the Yankees down at New Brunswick one year and McConnell was throwing a spitter. The batters would tip the ball and drive it right into Bill's bare fingers. It was a tough booking and the \$50 for the game did not come near making up for the busted digits. Another booking took him to the Suburban A. C. of Brooklyn, where he caught the slants of the great Walter Johnson, the Washington Express. Bill says Walter was the best pitcher he ever handled.

Bill had great respect for Larry Hesterfer, who often went out on joint bookings with Burdette, Deagle Hambacher and "Pop" Wiley to such towns as Hackettstown, Washington, Boonton and Butler, still great baseball towns.



*Bill in his youth.*

Bill was field manager of the Bloomfield Baseball Club when it reorganized for games at Walnut street in 1916 and 1917, and it was his team that actually got Alex Ferguson his start. The Lyceum had a fine season and near the close Manager John Moran challenged Bill Burdette's Bloomfield team and Jim Finnerty's Watsessing team to a series of games to decide the championship of Bloomfield. Bill signed up immediately and on the day of the game a New York Yankees scout was in the stands. Fergy had a big day and was approached with a proposition to sign a contract. After the Lyceum beat Burdette's team, Jim Finnerty couldn't refuse to play them and the Lyceum polished Watsessing off too. Later the Lyceum played Burdette's team again and lost but by that time Ferguson was made.

Bill's active playing days ended in 1925 while he was a member of the Hoboken team, a traveling outfit in Nat Strong's circuit. During his career he played with Irvington in the Lackawanna League. He played with Hackettstown in the Sussex County League and Franklin Furnace in the North Jersey Loop.

He was not only a fine batter but a good, smart catcher, with a fine arm. He invariably batted in the fourth or cleanup position, which attests to his ability.





The 1909 Bloomfield Baseball Club posed beside Fairview School, where the team dressed for games at Williamson Oval. In the usual order, they are: Gene Nafie, right field; Frank Wiley, first base; John Burdette, assistant manager; William P. Burdette, catcher; Joe Lennon, shortstop; Eddie Duffy, sports editor of Newark Star and umpire; Thomas Curley, second base; Jim Hanley, pitcher; Joe Flannery, third base; Jim Taggart, pitcher; Deagle Hambacher, left field. Other players on later teams were Doc Stuart, second base; Charles Eagler, left field; Larry Hesterfer, pitcher; and Abe Cohen, center field, now of Maplewood, a consulting engineer on the Washington Bridge.



### JOE LENNON, A MONTCLAIR COP

Joe Lennon, now a Montclair policeman, was a great player for the Bloomfield team of the Orrin Dodd era. Lennon was the shortstop on the great team of 1912 and thereafter was one of the highest paid ball players on the club.



Joe Lennon

Joe still bowls in Bloomfield as a member of one of the teams in the Three O'Clock League. His son, "Beebee" Lennon, is the leftfielder on the Montclair team in the Essex County League and is a former Montclair High School star athlete. Another son, Jim, also starred in sports at Montclair High and is now in charge of boy work at the Montclair Athletic Club.

Joe was a good stickler but also could wait a pitcher out and was a fast runner. He was quick in the field and often had to take bounders with his bare right hand because he overran the ball.

He recalls a game between Bloomfield and Watsessing played at Watsessing. The game was the rubber of a series. The Bloomfield players dressed in the American House, which recently was torn down to make way for the Miles Shoe Store, and proceeded by crosstown trolley to the Watsessing grounds. Joe came out of the American House some time after the other players had left for the grounds. Two men, who had been loitering around outside the place when Lennon went in, joined him as he got on the trolley. They found seats next to Joe and as a couple of fans joined him in conversation. Before the car got very far down Glenwood avenue one of



the men explained that there might be a lot of money changing hands at the ball game and they would like to be on the right side in that event.

"You're playing an important position in the game today and we could make it well worth your while if a few hard grounders got past you this afternoon," the would-be fixer said.

Joe Lennon was not exactly an even-tempered young man at the time and his arguments with umpires and players often had the crowds in uproars. The bribe offer, however, sort of set Lennon back on his heels.

"Fellows, I like this right arm and it helps me earn a little extra money, but before I would take one cent to lay down I'd rather lose that arm," Lennon replied.

Joe was so burned up about the incident that in practice he couldn't hold a ball batted to him and he was off on his timing when at the plate. But during the game the jitters left him and he had one of those days when he couldn't do anything wrong. His fielding was sensational and he collected several hits which helped to win the ball game for Bloomfield.

Lennon recalls an incident which gives an insight into the character of Archie Dailey, manager of the Watsessing team. Joe started his playing in Bloomfield for Dailey but switched his allegiance. Nevertheless, he and Dailey were good friends. At one Watsessing game Joe was coaching along first base and a Watsessing fan got a little more than mildly abusive. Joe figured he was being paid to play the game and therefore didn't have to worry about what the fans thought of his personal life, but Archie Dailey was furious. He called Lennon over to the Watsessing bench and said,

"Joe, why don't you go up into the stands and punch that bum? If you don't, I'll take care of him myself."

Joe left the matter with Dailey, and when the same bird started his chant in the next inning Dailey went up into the stand with the price of admission and told him to either act like a gentleman or take his money and leave the rooting to people who would act that way.

About 1909 George Stallings was managing Newark and picked Lennon up at Seton Hall College, where he was playing under the name of "Kearney." Kearney failed to make the grade, so Joe just played in his place. His presence on the team was questioned only once, at Holy Cross, where an elaborate story was made up to account for his presence in the lineup and the Seton Hall players had to keep on their toes to prevent him from being interrogated by the Holy Cross boys.

The next year Stallings went to the Yankees and called Joe up and told him he had a spot for him at Macon, Ga. But Joe was advised to stay in the East and he told Stallings so. As a result he and "Bink" Bousewein were sent to New Bedford, in the New England League. Tom Dowd, coach of Williams College, was manager of the New Bedford team but the team played its early season games under Jack Slattery, the catcher and assistant manager. After receiving a big write-up in the New Bedford paper, there was no one on hand to

welcome Lennon when he showed up at the hotel. From the barman and from Jack O'Brien, a former Newark outfielder, he learned that Slattery was none too pleased to see him report. He was put up for the night and the next day, after a uniform was issued to him, Joe was informed that the team entrained at five o'clock to play at Providence. The players all checked their bags at the station and Lennon and Bousewein went for a walk, and when they returned found that the players had left on the three o'clock train and had left them high and dry. Both packed up and came home, but Bousewein and Deagle Hambacher went back.

Lennon got a telegram from Dowd to report again, but instead sent a letter explaining what had happened to him. Later, Lennon signed with Andy Coakley to play in Paterson, and all went well until the New York Giants were scheduled to play, and then Coakley was warned by McGraw that the game would have to be called off because Lennon was a black-listed player. Coakley heard Lennon's story and through Tom Dowd negotiated his release from New Bedford and from the blacklist.

Lennon played ball for a long time around these parts and was field captain of the Ironsides and of the Meadowbrooks in Newark until his retirement in 1922. Lennon also played at Hackettstown, Dover and several other clubs up in the sticks. He coached the Montclair High School baseball team to state championships in 1913 and 1914. He also coached the Montclair Athletic Club when it was in the amateur league with the Newark A. C. and the New York A. C.





### THE MAXFIELD BOYS

The six Maxfield boys came nearest being a family of champions this town has ever seen. Since this is a baseball series, it probably would be right and fitting to point out that they organized the original Bloomfield Field Club in 1902 and kept it going for four years. Jack Maxfield was a first baseman and good enough to have received a number of offers to play minor league professional baseball. Brother Harris "Hadge" Maxfield was a pitcher of some repute. Incidentally, both these brothers studied osteopathy at Kirksville, Mo., and are now practicing osteopaths, Dr. John F. in Newark and East Orange and Dr. Harris in Glen Ridge.

But the real way to tell this story is to take the boys according to age and their particular callings. All were born at 261 Franklin street, Bloomfield, where Theodore T. and a sister, Louise, still live. Their father, John F. Maxfield, owned a large piece of property here, including stables and the house. In Florida, he owned and managed an Orange grove.



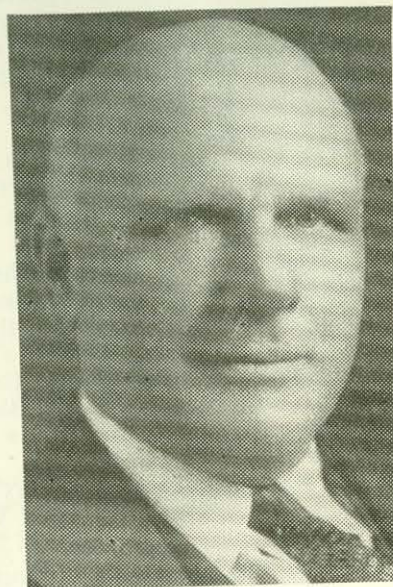
*Theodore Maxfield*

one time he trained for Homer Davenport, when that art-

Theodore T. "Dode" Maxfield is the starter of the regular trotting and racing matinees of the Road Horse Association of New Jersey, which holds its races at Weequahic park. As a youth he was famous throughout the country as a driver and trainer of trotting horses, and as an owner. Between 1897 and 1910, he raced trotters throughout the country, joining the Grand Circuit in 1902. More recently his interests have been of an amateur nature. He retired from active competition in 1935. At

ist had a breeding farm at Morris Plains. For four years he owned the state's fastest trotting mare, Beldia, which he later sold to James Butler, grocery millionaire, who established the Empire City race track in New York.

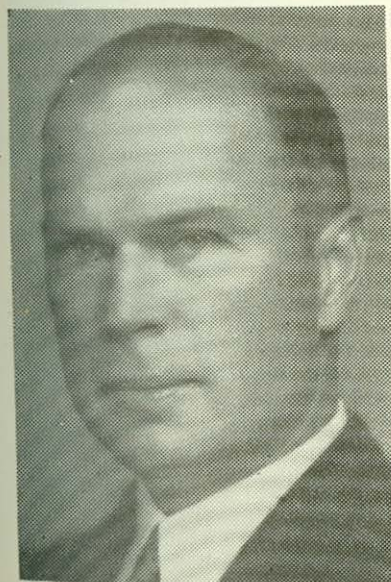
In 1900, The New York Sun said: "Theodore T. Maxfield of Bloomfield, N. J., is a very interesting figure in the track world of the present. Mr. Maxfield is only 24 years old but he is hailed as one of the best drivers in the country. He is the owner of a fine string of trotters and pacers, and his entries in the famous circuit races in the east always command attention. Mr. Maxfield is also a very successful trainer. His stables at Bloomfield are finely equipped for the purpose. Many well known horsemen state that the young Jerseyman can get more out of a horse than any other driver and trainer they have ever met. One of Mr. Maxfield's recent accomplishments was



*Thomas Maxfield*

the changing of the famous pacer, Monopole, 2:08 1/4, to a trotter. Monopole, who has had an eventful career as a pacing campaigner, can now trot with the best of them and is now one of the best double-gaited horses on the tracks."

Monopole and Amokin were a team which accomplished quite a feat for Mr. Maxfield. Riverside drive in New York was known as the Speedway by horse drivers. The best teams would engage in match races each year. One year Monopole and Amokin won the event and were chosen to race against a team owned and driven by J. A. Murphy of Chicago,



*Dr. Harris Maxfield*



on Christmas day. It was reported that the race was one of the most exciting and noteworthy contests ever witnessed on that great speeding stretch. Mr. Murphy had his redoubtable pacers, Tom and Totus, in harness. Monopole and Amokin, however, showed the pair their heels in magnificent fashion, winning straight heats. They could cover a mile straightaway in 2:05. Bob Fitzsimmons, then heavyweight boxing champion, offered to buy the team from Maxfield, but the sale was not consummated.

Theodore Maxfield also was an early auto fan and was known as 'The Pathfinder'. He erected mileage and directional posts throughout the state to help guide other motorists. The state now does that job.

Thomas O. Maxfield, who has been mentioned in other articles as a football player and boxer, also did a little bicycle riding. He played football with the Montclair A. M. in 1896. Later he joined the Bloomfield Olympics, who played their games at the Glen Ridge Outing Grounds. In 1899, he played with the Orange A. C. The Bloomfield football club was organized about that time and he joined the team about two years later. He played fullback. As has been explained before, he was the best amateur heavyweight boxer in this section. In a novice bicycle race at the old Vailsburg track he once beat Frank Kramer, famous cyclist, of East Orange.

Perry Maxfield was a good runner, especially in the short and middle distance events. He was also one of the best shotgun shots in the state. He won practically every trap-shooting event he entered. He trained setters and pointers. He spent most of his time except in hunting season in Florida helping to run the Orange grove. He died in 1915.

Jack Maxfield played baseball, football, and was also a good boxer. He played football in Bloomfield High School while still in grammar school. He played another year at Peddie Institute. A teammate at High School in 1898 was Dick Bradley, who later starred for Princeton and is now president of the Ampere Trust Company.

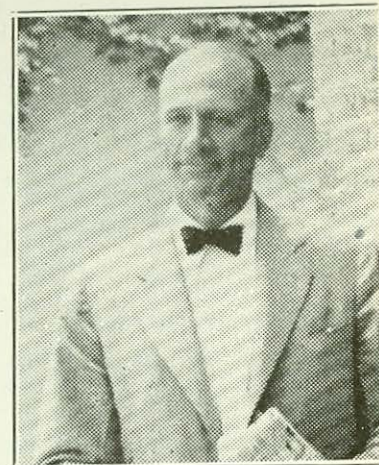
Jack Maxfield played left halfback and his teammates on the 1900 Bloomfield High School team were: Ollie Ackerman, quarter; Joe Garrabrant, right half; Fred Baldwin, full; Peter Mann, center; "Chinaman" Richard Lee and Conway Sheldon, guards; Howard Dodd and Duryea Johnston, tackles, and Bill Holt and Rich Adams, ends. He later coached Bloomfield High's gridders for one year and did the same job with Newark High School for two seasons. He played football in Bloomfield, Forest Hill and Orange. He helped organize the Bloomfield Field Club baseball team and played on it until 1905.

In 1902, when the first Board of Trade sponsored Fourth of July celebration was held at Williamson Oval, Jack with his brother Perry carried off all of the merchandise prizes, except those won by Ken Moore, who lived across the street from the Maxfields. Brother Tom borrowed a wheelbarrow from a neighbor and piled the merchandise on it and wheeled it home. The prizes consisted of a suit of clothes, a pair of flannel trousers, a five-pound roast, a large ham and an assort-

ment of vegetables donated by town merchants. The Maxfield coup resulted in a rule which limited contestants to two first places in future events.

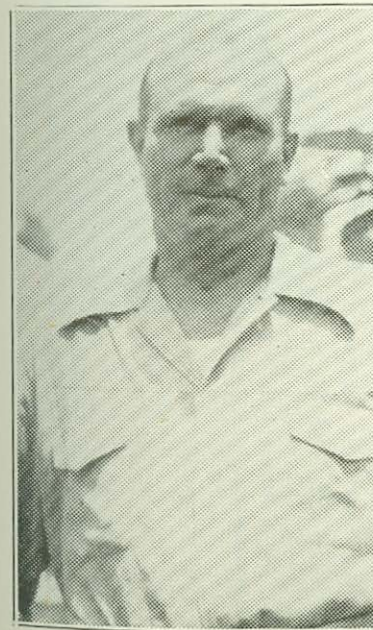
Harris Maxfield was a fine basketball player with the Montclair Y. M. C. A. and the Bloomfield Field Club. He pitched for the Field Club baseball team for several years. He played a good game of tennis and for a time during his 20 years on the golf course shot in the 80's. Like Tom and Jack, Harris was six feet tall and used his height to advantage on the basketball court.

Wallace "Pete" Maxfield was the youngest of the boys and also the biggest. He was a mere six feet four and one-half inches tall and weighed 235 pounds. While still in grammar school he played varsity football with Bloomfield High. Undoubtedly he was the greatest of all Bloomfield athletes, but "Pete" doesn't live here any more.



*Dr. Jack Maxfield.*

He played four years of football at Mercersburg Academy, where he made a fine record as a weights man on the track team. In an indoor meet at Madison Square Garden he set a Junior indoor shotput record which stayed on the books for many years. He tossed the 12-pound shot 52 feet 9 inches. He played tackle at Lafayette College in 1914 and 1915 and in the latter year was picked by Walter Camp for All-American honors. That year against Princeton he played the whole game with a broken bone in his foot. He entered Kirksville School of Osteopathy the next year and operated as fullback. There he was practically the whole team. He kicked off over the goal



*Wallace "Pete" Maxfield.*

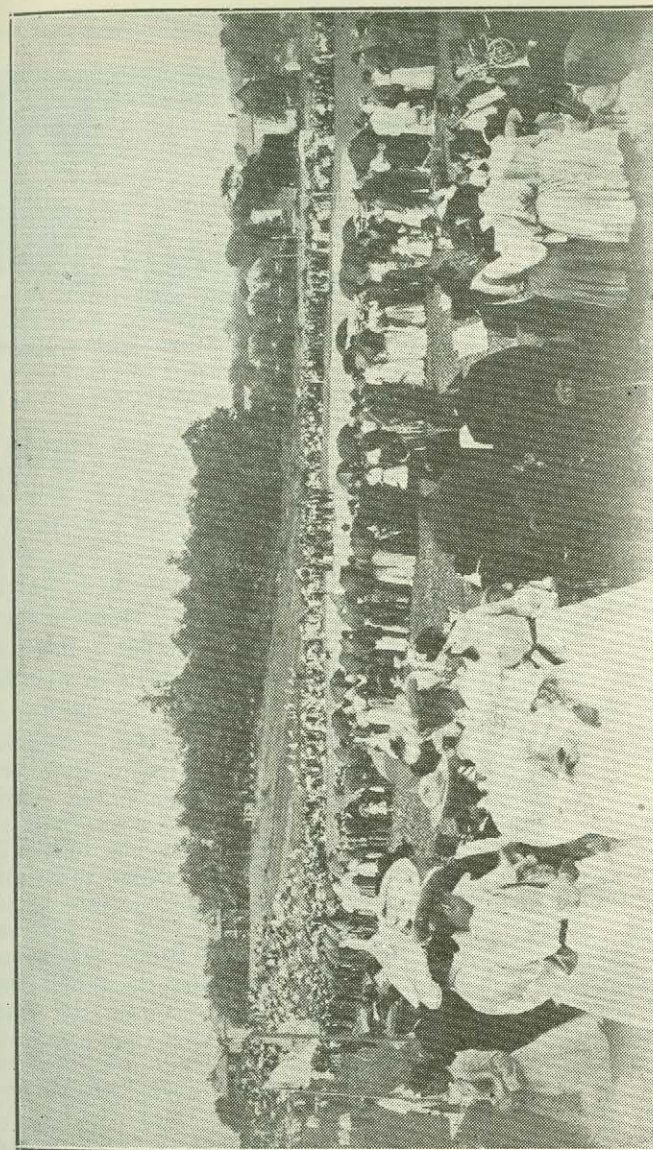


post invariably. He got national attention by kicking a 57-yard placekick for a field goal. At the time it was the longest such kick of record. During his high school and college career he served as a lifeguard at the Seventh avenue bathing beach at Asbury Park.

At the outbreak of the war, or at least as far as the United States was concerned, Pete Maxfield went to camp and came out a lieutenant in the tank corps. He was an officer of the Whippet Tank Corps which made the first tank attack on the Germans. Later, while riding a motorcycle near the front, a shell burst nearby and tore the skin off his leg from his ankle to groin. Fortunately it was only a flesh wound.

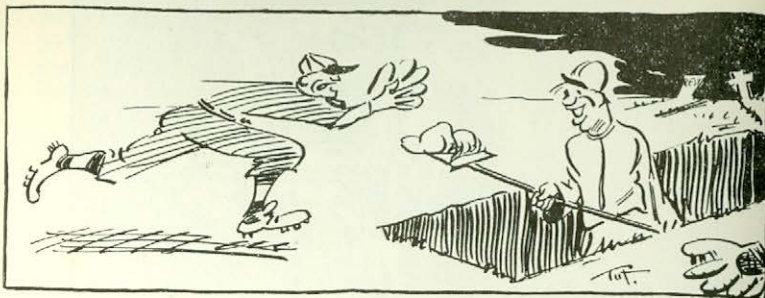
He was the individual star of the Pershing Olympics held in Paris in 1919. He won the Pentathlon, the shot put, hammer throw and discus events. When he came back, he went into the oil business in California, where he became superintendent of drilling for the Union Oil Company. The Burma Oil Company sought a man to do the same job in India and after picking 18 men from the California field finally selected Pete Maxfield as their man. The job paid \$10,000 per year for five years. He is still in the oil business in California.

Contemporaries of the Maxfield brothers were the Calder brothers of Montclair. In whatever sport the Maxfields competed, there always seemed to be one of the six Calder boys on the other side. The Calders were: Louis, Joe, Jimmie, Sandy, Bobby and Eckie. Eckie was one of the best basketball players in the country when he performed for St. Lawrence University. Louis Calder made a fortune as owner of a chain of gas stations in New York City.



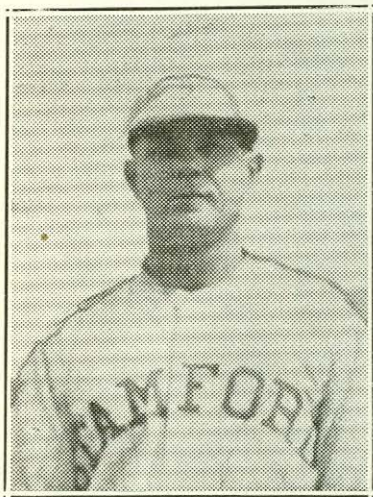
*Williamson oval on a Fourth of July, as it might have appeared on the day that the Maxfields walked off with all the prizes. However, this picture was taken about 1905. Notice the musicians in the right foreground, and that is the fore-runner of Frank Grant's refreshment booth in the left foreground.*





### GEORGE "BINK" BOUSEWEIN

George "Bink" Bousewein, one of the best pitchers in Bloomfield's baseball history, got his chance in the minor leagues as an infielder and came by his pitching more or less in desperation to stay up there. "Bink" was born over in Watsessing, and, of course,



*George Bousewein when he played for Stamford. "Bink" batted well in baseball and knife and fork leagues, as his contour indicates.*

played his first baseball there. As a kid he pitched a little, caught a little and played a little of first base because he could hit. He joined the Watsessing team when he was about 17 years old through his playing with the Watsessing Tigers, a kid team. The Tigers went through a 23-game schedule one year and lost but one game and George and Charley Bousewein comprised the battery. The next year the Tigers beat Arch Dailey's Watsessing Club and thereafter they became the Watsessing Club with Arch Dailey as their manager. Bink was shifted to first base on the new Watsessing team and was good enough

to sign with George Stallings. As a first baseman he was shipped to New Bedford as reported in the article about Joe Lennon but instead of jumping the traces Bink went back with Deagle Hambacher a short time later. The next year found both of them at Charlotte, N. C., and the sign was up for Bousewein to be sent home. "Otto" Hambacher put up a kick and said if "Bink" was sent back without a real chance the Charlotte team would lose two players instead of one.

"Why don't you try him at pitching? If you do I am sure he will make good."

"Bink" got his chance and in his first appearance on the hill shut out the opposition with a single hit. Two days later he went back and pitched a no-hit-no-run game. "Bink" twirled for Charlotte for two years and was under option to Cincinnati in 1912 when he was advanced to Atlanta. "Bink" broke his leg in spring training at Atlanta and was released without even getting part of the purchase price that was supposed to go his way.

When he got back from the South Bousewein moved to East Hanover where he still lives. He pitched several games for Bloomfield and signed up with Little Washington where in four years he lost but one game and that at Phillipsburg by a 2 to 1 score.

One year with Washington at Bellevidere, a sport bet \$3,000 on Washington and after the game gave Bousewein \$100 and promised to give a nice present to Otto Hambacher and Joe Lennon who also helped win the ball game. Somehow or other Hambacher and Lennon never met up with the sport and never got their cut. The game was played late in September on an unusually hot day. Going into the eighth the score was 1 to 0 against Washington. Hambacher opened the eighth with a double. Bousewein was hit by a pitched ball and Joe Lennon came through with a two bagger to score both runners.

Bousewein pitched several seasons with Toronto in the Canadian League. He also twirled for the Montclair Holy Name team and the Montclair McConnells before the World War.

Bousewein served with the 90th Division of the American Army during the War and upon his return played in Red Bank, Little Washington and the Bloomfield Elks. With the Elks "Bink" was on the obese side and had lost most of his speed but still had the bend on the ball that earned his reputation as the best curve ball pitcher in the minor leagues. "Bink" was especially good against the colored teams which liked to hit smoke but could do little with a slow curve.

At 44 years of age "Bink" Bousewein was still pitching baseball and turned in 17 victories in 20 games for the Roseland team. Roseland was supposed to pay him \$100 for the season's work but upon the completion of the season the management informed him there wasn't any money in the till. "Bink" probably went out and got drunk after that, because "Bink" was never the most temperate of stars. Instead, Bousewein's arm seemed to keep its elasticity by keeping it well oiled and well bent. "Bink" also had another shortcoming that wasn't considered cricket for ball players. He was bugs about hunting and would often fail to show up for a ball game if someone up in Hanover spied a pheasant up there along the Passaic River near Swinefield.

"Bink" has been employed at the Restland Memorial Park in recent years where he has done all manner of jobs. He helped build the beautiful chapel on the grounds. He has dug graves and right now is working with a contractor putting roads through the cemetery.





### "CHET" HAGUE WRITES A LETTER

Chester G. (Chet) Hague, who played right field for the formidable Bloomfield Baseball Club at Williamson avenue oval more than a quarter of a century ago in the regime of Billy Burdette, Joe Lennon, et al., writes for interesting reminiscences, prompted by "Thumbing the Pages" articles.

Hague and his late brother, John, who died about 15 years ago, were founders of the team and popular and homesome figures in the town's sporting and political life and were nephews of the late Thomas Oakes, mentioned in the letter which follows.

Chet was a regular for Bloomfield for many years, improving his fielding and hitting by patient practice. While not in the slugger category, he was always a thorn in the side of Wat-sessing with his timely bingles.

Hague's "Thumbings":

"Yesterday I had the pleasure of running into a friend of mine in Tim Manning's in this city (Asbury Park).

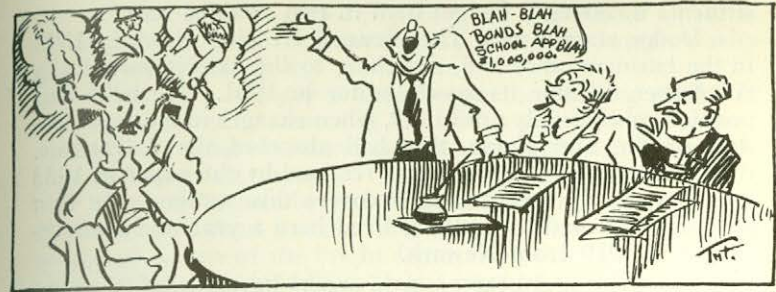
"I have not been in Bloomfield for many years but was much interested to know that you have had articles in your paper of the old ball players who helped to make Bloomfield famous.

"I wish to state the Bloomfield team was organized by myself and Jack Maxfield was our captain at that time. Mr. Guy Adams was our first manager and I collected the money to buy our suits.

"Mr. Thomas Oakes started the collection with a ten spot and such men as Jim Beach, Edward Ward, Theodore Ward, William Bangroth and Halsey Barrett gave me money to start the team.

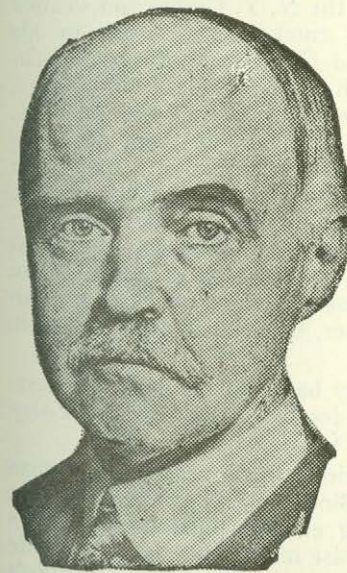
"Good old Orie Dodd, who was one of my best friends, then took over the reins and put a real club on the field and my brother, John Hague, was his side partner.

"Am writing you information and would like you to send me your paper in which you had pictures or statement in regard to us old timers such as Arch Dailey and his brother, Craig, and all the boys with whom I spent many happy hours."



### THUMBING BERT DODGE

Sparks of reminiscence flash in the eyes of Bert Dodge, veteran reporter covering the Bloomfield and Glen Ridge suburban beat for the Newark Star Eagle, when he sits at Council meetings and the humdrum of relief demands, sewer ordinances and building permits is varied by athletic references—a chance word about the Bloomfield High School football team at one season and the prowess of Hank Borowy, Bears' hurler, currently—or when he reads "Thumbing the Pages" in this paper.



Bert Dodge

Dodge, patrician, graying gentleman, could be excused for any mental retreat to the glamorous days when his eyes feasted on jousts in the amphitheatre. For 28 years he sat at a sports editor's desk. In the vagaries of a newspaper office, he has retired from the field of sports to chronicle suburban events. He lives at 155 Willard avenue.

There is a suspicion that Dodge—intimate in his career of Jim Jeffries, Christy Mathewson, John McGraw and right down the line to Walter Johnson and Gene Tunney—when he listens to the august councilmen start citing bond appropriations and such—that he is writ-

ing down batting averages. I wouldn't be surprised to read in his paper some time: "Last night Bloomfield councilmen, using a slick double wingback defense, broke through the North End Improvement Association in the record time of three hours and 50 minutes, with Ted Foley tripling with the bases full; Harry Newell doubling a five-spade bid; Joe Muller, an 8:15 sprinter, bagging a 19-inch resolution and con-



stituents throwing a budget item in two straight falls."

Dodge started with The Newark Evening News in 1893 in the business office and, switching to the old Newark Daily Advertiser, became its sports editor in 1901. He held that position continuously until 1929, when changes in the executive staff of the Star Eagle, that had absorbed the Advertiser, threw him out of step. He was retained by the paper in 1933 as suburban reporter and now covers this section. He first moved to Bloomfield in 1913, lived here a year and then returned in 1919 from Newark.

The great and near great in sports have passed in panorama before the eyes of Dodge, who, in his career, has covered every variety of event and has sat in the press coop and at the ringside of distant baseball, football and prize ring classics.

The game is the thing with Dodge, who recognizes as the best guages of performance the good sportsmanship of the competitor. The sifting of sport news through three decades has left him tolerant. He refuses to be drawn into the "best" controversies. However, once in conversation, he picked some all-time baseball selections to stand the assaults of the experts of all time.

For the pitching box he named three immortals about whom there can be little argument: Cy Young of the Boston Red Sox; Christy Mathewson of the N. Y. Giants and Walter Johnson of Washington. Two catchers stand out in his memory: Buck Ewing of the old Giants and Mickey Cochran, fairly recent receiver with the Athletics and Tigers. For first base he reluctantly chose Hal Chase of the Yankees, a black sheep, but undoubtedly the class of them all. On second he placed Napoleon Lajoe of Cleveland, with Eddie Collins and Rogers Hornsby very much in the running. Jimmy Collins, old Boston Red Sox, received the call for third base, with Art Devlin, Giants, runnerup. At shortstop, the great Honus Wagner of the Pirates won the place hands down. In the outfield, Dodge's selections could go no further than Babe Ruth, Yankee; Tris Speaker, Cleveland, and Ty Cobb, Detroit.

Some of these stars date way back, but Dodge's interests are up to date. "What kind of a football team will Bill Foley turn out at the high school this fall?" he asked me.

Back in the early 20's during Bert's regime as sports editor of the Star, a number of Bloomfield High boys thought the football team wasn't getting enough publicity in Bert's sheet, so they gathered a lot of noise makers and held a parade around his house in Willard avenue. Apparently, it didn't bother our hero, because Saturday nights were his only nights off the copy desk and he didn't spend them at home. It was only recently that Dodge learned of the picket line.

Bert had a ringside seat at the formation of the Newark Sailors baseball team in the Eastern League, the predecessors to the Newark Bears and the International League. Bert was Newark's first official scorekeeper at the games at Weidenmeyer's Park, which was located near the site of the present Ruppert Stadium.

A bit of Bert's reporting early in September of 1903 concerned the work of Lawrence T. Hesterfer, another who has been thumbed here.

"Newark's strength is based upon the pitching staff. It is more to the effectiveness of the box artists than the batting of the Sailors that the team has held a position in the first division until the last slump.

"Two of the members of the local pitching staff are Larry Hesterfer and John Burke. The work of Hesterfer, the little southpaw, is one of the bright features of the Sailors' record. Of the local stronghold he is feared most by the opposing batters. It was Hesterfer who shut out the mighty Jersey City team on Decoration Day, after the Hudson County aggregation had won 17 straight games, and it was he who steered the Sailors to victory in every city on the circuit. His best work of the season was pitching 35 innings in four games and allowing only three runs. The first of these games was a 10-inning battle with Buffalo, which the Bisons won by a score of 1 to 0. Next, he pitched a 12-inning game at Toronto, which Newark forfeited, after each team had scored one run. This feat he followed by administering a 3 to 0 shutout at Baltimore. On July 19th, he pitched 17 innings against Toronto, Newark winning both games."





### FRANK WILEY, "POP" TO ALL THE BOYS

WATSESSING							BLOOMFIELD						
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E		AB	R	H	PO	A	E
F. Ferguson, ss	2	1	0	1	2	0	Hague, lf	5	0	0	1	0	0
C. Dailey, 2b	4	1	0	2	3	1	S. Calder, c	2	2	1	7	0	0
A. Dailey, 1b	4	0	1	10	0	0	J. Calder, 3b	3	1	1	2	2	0
Hambacher, lf	5	0	2	2	0	0	Wiley, ss	4	1	2	4	4	0
Bradley, lf	4	0	1	2	0	0	Waterfield, p	4	1	1	0	3	0
J. Ferguson, c	3	0	0	2	2	0	Maxfield, cf	4	2	2	2	0	0
O'Neil, 3b	2	0	0	2	2	1	Byrnes, 2b	4	0	0	1	0	0
Morrison, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0	Cook, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	1
Durning, p	3	0	1	1	1	0	Callen, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Totals	31	2	5	24	10	2	Totals	33	7	8	27	11	1

Maybe a box score does not make such a good introduction to the story about such a man and ball player as Frank "Pop" Wiley, of 40 Lake street, but that is how he broke into print in Bloomfield in 1905. The box score above is the second game of the double-header between Bloomfield and Watsessing on the Fourth of July that

year as it appeared in The Bloomfield Citizen of July 8th, 1905. Wiley did not play in the morning and Bloomfield lost to a low-hit performance by Joe James, who returned to the field of his first conquests, Watsessing. Orrin Dodd was sorely pressed for infield reinforcements and Frank Wiley, a Montclair boy, had played that morning for the Bloomfield Lyceum and had done well. Wiley was hustled out of the crowd and into a Bloomfield uniform, one he was to wear for nine years under Orrin Dodd. Wiley was the only player mentioned in the write-up of the game. The item said:



"The largest crowd ever gathered at a baseball game in this town was present at the game on Williamson avenue grounds Tuesday afternoon, when the Bloomfield team won a decisive victory over the rival local club, the Watsessings. The victory was hailed with great delight by the Bloomfield team and its friends. Both teams played a fine fielding game and there was intense excitement up to the seventh inning. In that inning the Bloomfield team did some heavy batting and got a winning lead. Wiley's work at shortstop for the Bloomfield team was the feature of the game."

Frank Wiley's earlier history is more or less unimportant as far as this article is concerned. But a schoolday rivalry between Wiley and Howard Van Vleck, one of the architects of the new Junior High School, was brought to an end after Van Vleck graduated from Yale and was hailed as the best college pitcher of the time. Van Vleck returned to Montclair to pitch for the Montclair A. C., which dominated most teams in this vicinity, but which never could beat the Bloomfield club. When Van Vleck was to make his semi-pro debut against Bloomfield, Wiley met him in the dressing room and gave him a little warning:

"You'll find the boys in this league won't step away from that old No. 2 curveball of yours. They will step into it and ride you right out of the ball game by the third inning."

True to Wiley's prophesy, Van Vleck walked off the hill in the third frame after Bloomfield had scored enough runs to win. Wiley was playing first base at the time, his real position.

Few persons who know Frank Wiley today as the soft-spoken "softball" umpire would recognize him as a fireeater in his youth. Softball umpiring for Frank Wiley is a year-round job. He does that task for the Bloomfield Recreation Commission in the summer time and in the winter works indoor games at the Sussex avenue armory for the Hospital League of Newark. Up to a few years ago he did considerable bowling, too. In a recent game a "Big-shot" pitcher on one of the local teams got "hot" at one of Wiley's decisions and said:

"I guess you don't know much bout softball."

"I guess you are right but I have a name for it and it isn't very pleasant."

Years ago such lip from anyone would have been enough to start a small riot. Wiley's answer also points out another thing about this man who is still playing ball after more than 35 years in the game. He thinks softball is about the last degree of silliness disguised as sport.

But getting back to Wiley as a firebrand. Frank was seldom booked by Dave Driscoll because he told that chap off for swearing at one of his ball players.

He also remembers the day he met Andy Coakley for the first time, not only because of the spot he was in at the time but because of what happened later. Andy had just finished his big league career and it was announced that he would pitch for Washington, N. J., against the Newton team. Wiley and Hambacher played for Art Lindeman, another former league pitcher, at Newton. On the way up-state, Wiley sat down for a few minutes opposite Lindeman and started to



question him about this fellow Coakley. After he had asked a lot of questions and received vague replies, Lindeman said, "Why don't you ask him?" as he turned to the man sitting next to him and said, "Mister Wiley, Mr. Coakley."

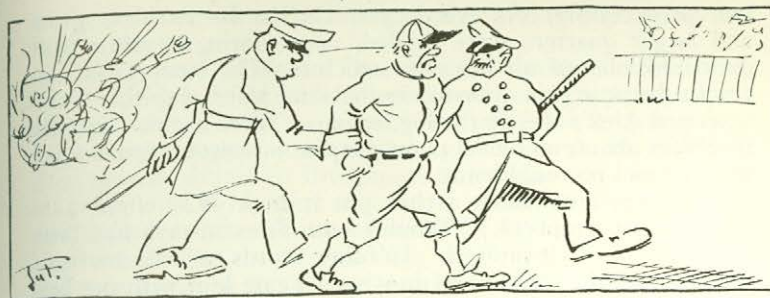
Former big leaguers held no terrors for such players as Wiley and Hambacher and they had a good day that day in Washington. Coakley could figure out the Brooklyn boys, who comprised most of the Newton team, but he couldn't figure those "hicks" from Bloomfield.

Coming home in the train Lindeman questioned 60 cents difference in Wiley's and Hambacher's expense accounts and inasmuch as Wiley had inadvertently seen Lineman paid off with \$800 he was in no mood to be called down. It developed later that Wiley did not know his railroads and had bought a single trip ticket to Newton, rode over to Washington in some kind of conveyance furnished by the fans and bought a ticket home from Washington. Hambacher knew that the railroad would accept a return trip ticket for the different rides and saved 60 cents thereby.

When Lindeman made another crack about the 60 cents, Wiley took his wet suit out of his bag and wrapped it around Lindeman's neck. Then he told Lindeman that he had seen the payoff and in the future would have to get more than twice as much for his services or he wouldn't play. Lindeman agreed. Wiley told the story to Deagle Hambacher and told him to ask for a raise too, but Hambacher said he agreed to play for a certain sum and would continue to do so.

Wiley's playing days extended through one of the best years the Bloomfield Elks had during their time in the local sports picture. Ed Orton brought his Saturday Plainfield club to Bloomfield for Sunday games. Wiley was a member of that team. He also managed teams at Keyport and Bradley Beach and the first year of the Essex County League handled the Verona team, which walked away with the championship and playoff. Henry Mcheski, still playing with Verona, batted fourth for that team just as he does today after six years in the lineup.

If at any time I have inferred that Wiley has stopped playing baseball, no such thing was intended. About 15 years ago he wandered a block from his house to Watsessing park where a group of Jewish boys were having a pick-up game. One of the teams needed a player and when one of the boys in fun suggested that he fill in, Wiley did and he has been doing it ever since. Only a short time ago the boys thought he was done for as a baseball player when he hurt his leg sliding into second. Two weeks later, "Pop" was back and playing. Nick Rossi, a ball player of a much later era, is another who has crashed the exclusive circle which numbers about 22. If everyone shows up they play 11 on a side and if only 16 appear two eight men teams are in order. If the club has a name it has been lost in the shuffle. It was called the "Three-I League" at one time, but now is known as the "Four-Eye League," since the boys have taken to wearing glasses.



### ALEX FERGUSON AND HIS WORLD SERIES VICTORY

In this series we have talked about many good baseball players but they were good locally and their reputations spread if at all to one or two distant points, but now has come the time to talk about a lad who never did much talking about

himself, yet he reached the top. The top is to pitch and win a World Series game and Alex Ferguson pitched two games in the World Series of 1925 between his Washington Club and Pittsburg. He deserved to win them both but got credit for only one of the victories. In fact, it was Fergie who pitched the Senators into the title. Claimed from the New York Yankees via the waiver route late in the season, Ferguson won five and lost but one game for the champs and one of the four games was the one which clinched the pennant nine games from the end of the campaign.



*An early picture of Fergie.*

Now there were stories that Alex was not always the best behaved young man touring the country plying the trade of baseball but Alex was in the leagues for 17 years and during that time he never forgot his mother here in Bloomfield or the town itself, and any boy that could do that after hearing the cheers of 50,000 frenzied baseball fans, never was very far wrong. Alex managed to put a little away, too, during his playing days, so that when the opportunity arose a few years ago, he was ready to go into business. With one of his greatest admirers, Cliff Hiidebrant, Alex took over a tavern license and location which had proved unprofitable to

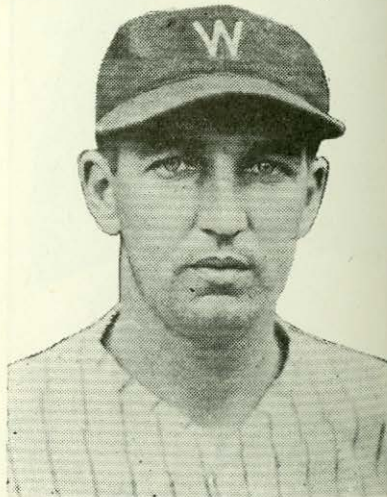


two predecessors. As Alex's and Cliff's the business grew and larger quarters were needed, necessitating a move next door into a handsome business structure. The business is successful because it is operated in the same quiet way that characterized Alex's stay in the big leagues. There are no bagatelle machines about, no nickel phonographs, no encouragement for dancing and no roughhouse.

As one anonymous writer put it in a 1926 clipping in Alex's neat scrapbook: "Trouble with Alex always has been his failure to 'sell himself.' In other words, a little more of 'the oil' and the scribes and fans would rate him with the best hurlers in the game. There are, only too often, cases of the hard working, capable and brainy ball-players being passed up in the general view through their retiring natures. Ferguson's hurling style is much too easy to convince the average onlooker that he is a wonder. If he would go through some of the impressive windups affected by other pitchers of less ability he would be better appreciated. But that is not 'Fergie's' personality. He does his work in his best manner, gets along with his teammates admirably and lets what most folks consider glory go where it may."

Alex Ferguson broke into the game as a kid in Watsessing School as a shortstop and when the Bloomfield Lyceum team of 1915 was formed Alex decided to try his hand at pitching because if his playing depended on his hitting he would be sitting on the bench. Alex never could hit and that even bothered his major league career; even in the minors he wound up a season with an .065 average.

Fergie was an immediate success with the Lyceum. During that first year he learned enough tricks to turn in game after game, with 16 strikeouts or more against amateur competition. John Moran, manager of the Lyceum outfit, realized that he had a coming star in Ferguson and when rival managers of some of the fast semi-pro teams used to kid him about his bunch of babies, John challenged the local big timers. Of course, his 1916 team, which cut quite a swath in this section, was padded here and there with players like Joe Lennon, but of course John couldn't use the kids against experienced semi-pro players. But John never had call to get a ringer for Alex Ferguson, for by that time Alex had jacked his average strikeouts to 18 a game and had one or two professional scouts on his trail for about a month. Joe Kelly, New York Yankee scout, signed him late



*As he appeared in the 1925 World Series.*

in the 1916 season and then began the training that was to lead him to the top.

Alex went to Macon, Ga., with the Yankees in the spring of 1917, while Wild Bill Donovan was manager of the team. He was shipped to Utica in the New York State League, where he went great guns until the league busted up on July 4th; then he was shifted to Bridgeport in the Eastern League. He was still with Bridgeport enjoying a record of 17 games won and three lost when the order went out "Work or Fight," for that was during the World War, so Fergie joined the army and was assigned to the motor ambulance corps. He was in the service from August 1918 to February of 1919, when he went south with the Yankees again. Miller Huggins was the Yankee boss by that time and he sent Fergie to Toledo.

If you are getting tired of this travelogue, so am I, and Alex probably was, too, but he never complained.

Alex got a little closer to home in 1920, with Jersey City, where with a sixth place club he won 21 games and lost 13 up to the first of September. He again rejoined the Yankees and pitched an exhibition game against Pittsburg and won. This was the start of his longest stay with the New York team, for he stayed with Miller Huggins' club throughout the 1921 season, when he helped the Yankees win their first pennant.

In 1922 Ferguson figured in a big deal which sent him to Boston, where he labored throughout the seasons of 1922, 1923, 1924 and part of 1925. It was in 1924 when in the midst of a hot pennant fight when the Washington Senators and the New York Yankees were battling it down the home stretch, Washington was two games in front of the Yankees when they entered their last five-game series of the campaign. Boston started Fergie against the great Walter Johnson. With Boston fans cheering for Washington, Fergie mowed them down methodically and won the ball game 3 to 0. This feat netted Ferguson some of the finest writeups of his career, including this one by Damon Runyon, now out of the sports racket but still cashing in as a successful fiction writer:

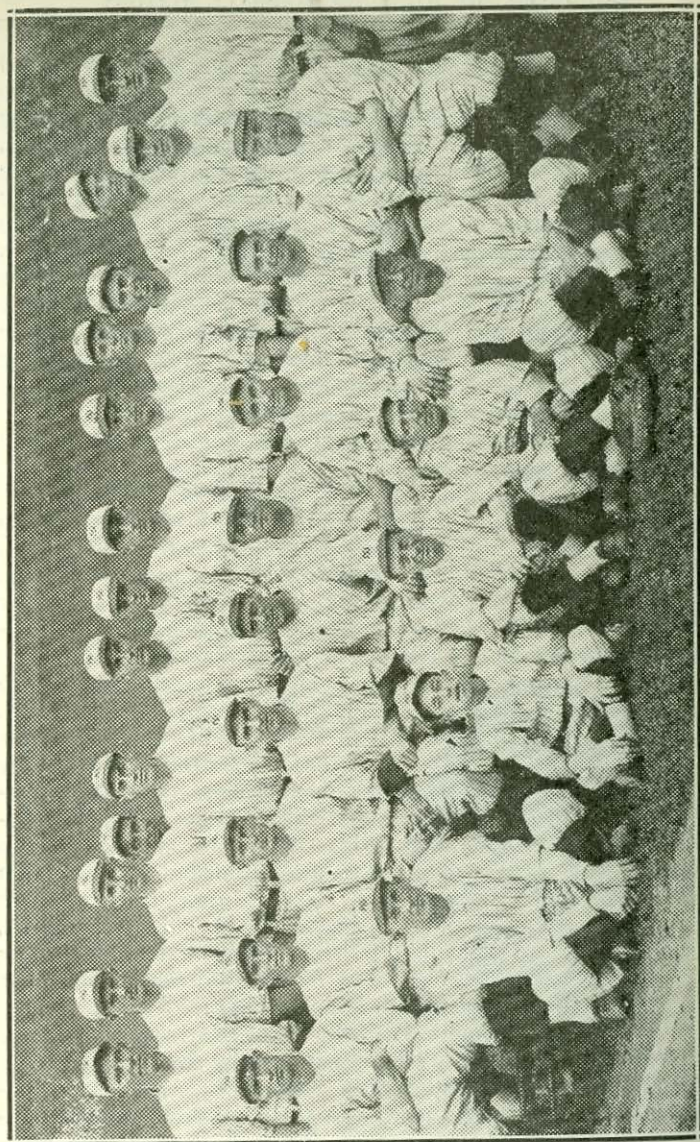
"New York, September 27th, 1924.—Is baseball honest?

"Alex Ferguson, a pitcher discarded by the Yankees, beat Washington and the great Walter Johnson by a supreme pitching effort, keeping the Yankees in the American League pennant fight. Had Ferguson permitted his discharge by the Yankees to rankle, had he permitted his feelings to overcome his sense of duty, he might have eased up at a critical moment in his pitching. Ferguson's club, the Boston Red Sox, does not figure in the fight. His victory was advantageous mainly to the Yankees, the club that he wasn't good enough for. . . .

"One or two slight moves on Ferguson's part, moves that never could have been detected—an easy pitch to a hard hitter, a ball thrown wide on the plate—would have given the game to Washington. . . . The defeat of Washington by a Yankee castoff should effectually dispel suspicion in the minds of those who DON'T KNOW baseball. . . ."

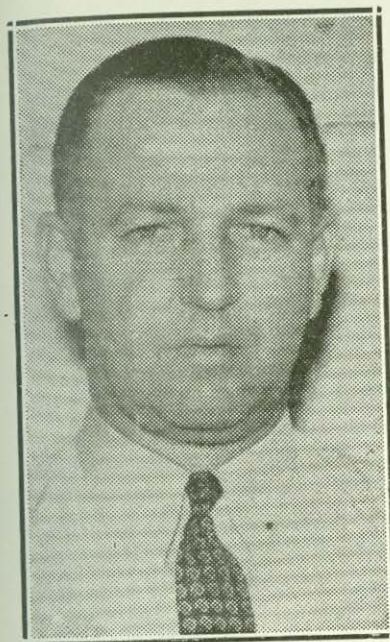
No wonder Ferguson has a reprint of this article framed and hanging on the wall of his tavern. It's worth a stopover just to read the whole thing.





The New York Yankees of 1921, when they won their first American League title under Miller Huggins. This was the first major league team with which Ferguson stayed. They are, rear row—Jack Quinn, Tom Rogers, Alex Ferguson, Elmer Miller, Michael J. McNally, William Collins, William Piercy, J. Frank "Homerun" Baker, Harry Harper, A. De Vorme, F. C. Hofmann, Bob Meusel, Robert F. Roth, Roger T. Peckinpah. Center row—Aaron L. Ward, William L. Ferster, Wally Pipp, J. Robert Shawkey, Walter H. Shang, George Herman "Babe" Ruth, Carl W. Mays, Waite C. Hoyt and Nap Hawks. Bottom row—John Mitchell, Bennet, mascot; Miller Huggins, manager; Charles O'Leary, coach, and Frank Roth, coach.

In 1925, another of the famous Boston-New York trades brought Fergie back to the Yankees. Miller Huggins said after



Alex Ferguson, Host.

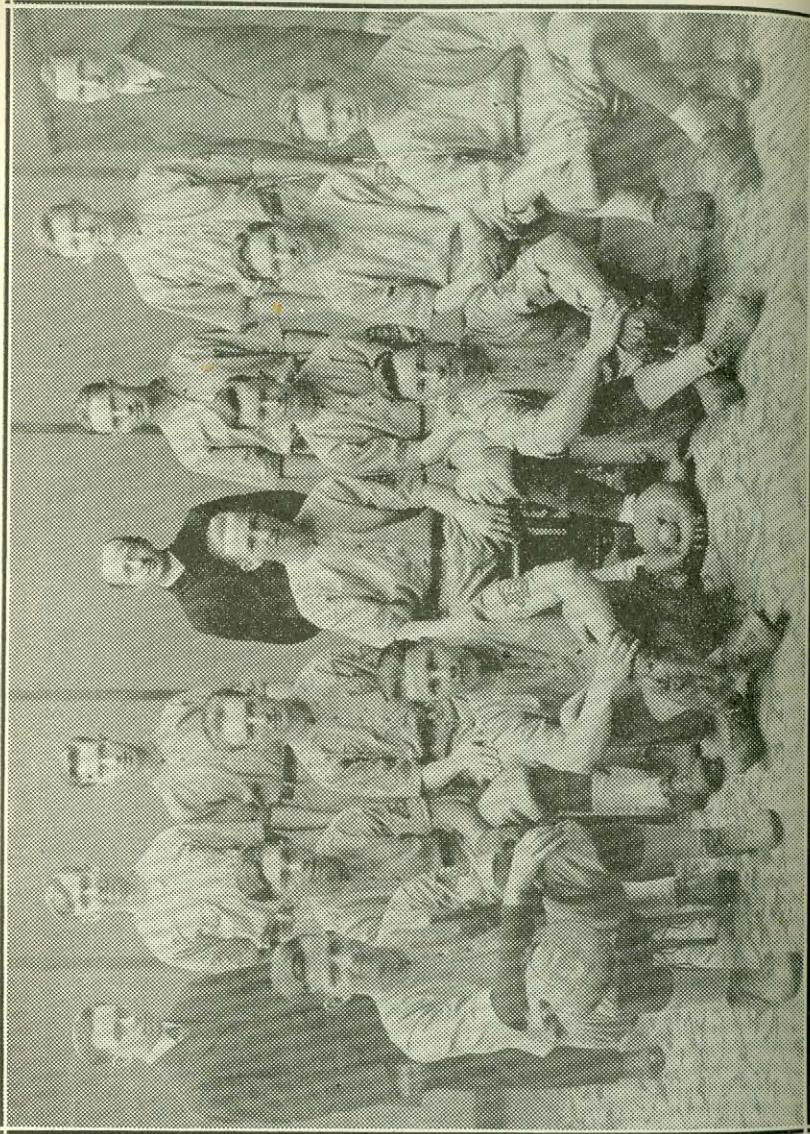
the trade, "not because he is so good, but because he beats the Yanks too often." Fergie was with the Yankees when Lou Gehrig made the start of his famous record streak of games which lasted over a period of 14 years. Later that same season he was waived to Washington and right into a \$5,000 slice of World Series money. After Fergie beat Pittsburg in the third game of the hectic series to give Washington a short-lived lead, he came back in the sixth game with an opportunity to end it all, only to have his infield collapse on him in the fifth inning and lost the ball game 3 to 2.

Ferguson was tendered a reception at the Bloomfield Elks Club upon his return from Pittsburgh. The affair was impressive and the speeches brilliant. As usual, Alex Ferguson had little to say. He thanked the speakers and those present and said he would do all he could to keep Bloomfield on top. It was not a great speech but it was adequate just as his pitching.

Halfway through the 1926 season, Ferguson was sent to Buffalo to help Buffalo win the International League pennant. In 1927, he went back to the majors, with the Philadelphia Nationals, where he stayed through 1928 and part of 1929. Brooklyn got him for about a month, then he started down the back trail again. He finished the season in Toledo in 1929, all of 1930 and most of 1931. Again he turned up at Buffalo. In 1932 he went to Richmond in the Eastern League and when that blew up in mid-season he went to Wilkes-Barre in the N. Y. P. League. In 1933 he turned up in Wilmington, North Carolina, in the Piedmont League. That was his last league season. In 1934 and 1935 he pitched for Wilbur Crenlin's last Meadowbrook teams.

Ferguson's history is full of interesting experiences and brilliant games, but one that nearly ended his career even before he reached the big time, was in a near riot at New London, Conn., where the Bridgeport team was playing. A close play, a decision by Umpire Stockdale, a disagreement, a few fists flung in various directions and a couple of cops





Members of the Bloomfield Lyceum team with whom Alex Ferguson made his debut in adult baseball in 1915. In the usual order they are: Gene McCarthy, Harry Mahoney, Tom Coyle, Father Tischler, Len Sanok, John Mahoney, and Manager John Moran. Middle row: Charlie Murray, Steve Moore, Jack McLaughlin, Alex Ferguson, John McCarthy, Tim Canniff, Tom Moore, and front: Gene Keenoy and By O'Neil.

were sequences. Two policemen took Ferguson off the field and the one holding his right pitching arm unnecessarily twisted it so that back in the hotel room after both games of a double-header were forfeited, Ferguson couldn't move his arm or his fingers. It was several days before he could even throw a baseball again. Just a bit of home town over--anxiousness, I guess.

Fergie was a good basketball player, too. He played a lot for the Bloomfield Lyceum and at one time appeared in the lineup of Ed Holly's Big Leaguers team which toured the country and included besides Ferguson and Holly, Val Picinich, Dolly Stark and Herb Thormahlen.

Today Alex Ferguson is one of the best rooters for Bloomfield's Hank Borowy and he never forgets our own Don Savage whenever officials of the New York Yankee chain stop in at 601 Bloomfield avenue to talk over old times. Ferguson gets inside dope from the boys who know and he will tell you both are well appreciated by the Yankee top men.





### THE BLOOMFIELD ELKS

Baseball reached its peak in fan appeal here during the five-year regime of the Bloomfield Elks Baseball teams. During the height of the popularity of the Elks 5,000 crowds were by no means uncommon and the gate went even higher than that when the Elks played the Detroit Tigers in a post-season game in 1925.

The Elks baseball team was organized in 1922 to compete in the recently organized Elks League and the players of the original team were identical with the Bloomfield American Legion team of the 1921 campaign. The Sprague Electric team had had more or less indifferent success on Sprague Field, built about 1919. The Elks, however, went big time from the start and raised \$7,000 with which to erect a fence, a new grandstand and enlarged bleachers.

Dutch Schessler, who had hurled for the Sprague team, was signed early in the Elks' season but soon afterward left for Shamokin, Pa., where he pitched in the N. Y. P. league for 12 or 13 seasons. Other members of the original Elks were Johnny Yackel, now a fire lieutenant; Austin Rice, Charlie Lynch, Bob Pomeroy, Dick Glynn, Ed Dean, George Schueler, Steve Moore, McIntosh, Cousins, Tete Blumenfeldt, Johnny Mahoney, Bill Mortimer and Jay Thompson. The local Bills lost their first game to Asbury Park Lodge, 14 to 12, but won four more games and were leading the league when the circuit busted up, leaving the Elks high and dry with a \$7,000 investment. Tete Blumenfeldt, one of the prime movers in the venture, acted as team captain for most of the years of existence.

Their 15th game of that season was far from an unlucky one, for it was this game which put the Elks on the map as a power in semi-pro baseball circles. Manager Jim Finnerty paid Wilbur Crelin a big guarantee to bring the Meadowbrooks here and Bill Mortimer on the hill limited the Newarkers to four hits and Bloomfield won, 1 to 0. Mortimer's hit brought Dave White in with the only run of the game. Bloomfield's five hits were made by Schueler, Cousins, White and Mortimer. Baxter, Kavanaugh, Kromaker and O'Brien made the only hits for the Meadowbrooks.

The Elks played 29 games that season and won 15. One of the other games resulted in an 8 to 8 tie with Caldwell, which numbered in its ranks Otto Hambacher, Joe Lennon, Billy Rowe, Charlie Engler and Mule Haas, all from town except Haas, who later became one of the greatest outfielders of his time with the Philadelphia Athletics.

Jimmy Lyons, Otto Hambacher, Bill Jesmer, Johnny Mahoney, Bill Roarke, Pete Scorso, Bink Bausewein, Bill Mortimer, Pete Rogers and Bill Rogers, both of whom played under that name while still enrolled in college as Pete and Bill White, made up the 1923 team. It was this season that Jim Finnerty went to New York and hooked up with Lou Gehrig, who played several games here under the name of "Babe Long" until fired by Finnerty because he couldn't hit. Long later played with the Westinghouse team and still later signed with the New York Yankees, where he scored and drove in more than 100 runs each year for 13 years in a stretch of 14 years during which he never missed a game at first base. "Babe" Long was paid \$3 per game.

The 1923 Elks played 37 games of which they won 26, lost 10 and tied one with the Meadowbrooks. A 9 to 8 decision over the Meadowbrooks was scored against the pitching of George Earnshaw, later with Baltimore and the Philadelphia Athletics. Alex Ferguson pitched a four-hitter against Little Falls in the final game, which ended in a 6 to 0 score.

Eddie Dillon, who pitched for the Bloomfield Field Club, which numbered among its players Freeholder William H. Rawson, Sherm Dillon and Pete Hammond, with Dick Waugh of Caldwell joined the Bloomfield team in 1924. A 20-inning contest with the Meadowbrooks, won by the Brooks 8 to 7, was one of the high points of the '24 campaign.

The writer's own experiences during the 1925 season impress that one on his mind. He was the fellow who sold the ice cream for Eddie Monahan, the consessioner, and during a double-header with the Bacharach Colored Giants of Atlantic City he sold \$200 worth of ice cream at 10 cents a slice, a no mean feat at a ball game here. At 10 per cent he made almost as much that day as the ball players on the field.

It was an entirely new team which took the field that year. Finnerty arranged with Ed Orston to bring his Plainfield Recreations here to represent Bloomfield and later made a deal which took the same club to Washington, N. J., to represent that town in the Bi-State League. Baseball under the Elks reached its peak in many ways that year. After a few games Marty Kavanaugh, a big-time player who jumped his contract with Detroit signed to play here at \$450 per month. Wuzzy Fullerton, recently down from the International League, was drawing down \$350 and the other players, including Captain Frank Wiley at first base, between \$200 and \$250 per month. Johnny Mahoney was the only player from previous teams to crash the local lineup, although late in the season Eddie "Swede" Forsberg, after a great year with the Meadows, signed up as one of the local hurlers. Abbie Leach, Joe Stripp and Joe Dwyer, who later signed with the Newark Bears, were star players on this team and Artie Tueschler was another dependable pitcher.

The Elks won 25 games in 1925, including a double-header from the Dougherty Silk Sox for the semi-pro championship of the state. The Elks got a little help in the second game from Alex Ferguson, who pitched a seven-hitter. The week previous



the Elks played the Detroit Tigers with Ownie Carroll twirling and lost a 6 to 5 decision. Joe Stripp played a great game at third base that day and the next year went up to the big time. Alex Ferguson was scheduled to pitch the game but because the World Series went seven games and there were several postponements because of rain, Alex couldn't make it. Fullerton and Teuschler pitched and allowed the big leaguers 13 safeties, most of which went over the short right field fence.

In 1926 Charlie Davids bought the Akron franchise in the International league and was all set to play except for the fact that President O'Toole said he must have a field by 2 P. M. on a certain day not more than a week away. Davids contacted Jim Finnerty and after a hasty meeting of the Elks directors offered the use of Sprague field, although Finnerty knew that Double A ball in this vicinity would ruin the semi-pro game. Newark played its home games at Sprague field until its own stadium was constructed and the Elks played at home weekends when the Bears were on the road. Ed Ortson was disposed of as field manager at the start of the season, although the Elks had many of the previous year's players in the lineup, but when things began to get tough Allie Sax's Little Falls team was installed here after nine games to represent Bloomfield. That team had dropped five of its encounters. This change brought Abbie Leach, Templer, Pickering, McCarthy, Jackson and Sax himself here. Wiley and Fullerton of the other team were retained.

The new Elks team won nine and lost six during the balance of the season. Lang Mendles, after a sensational season with Bloomfield High School, finished one game for the Elks after Fullerton was hammered from the box and the Elks were behind 16 to 9. Mendles left soon afterward for the N. Y. P. league. Alex Ferguson pitched the last two games of this season for the Elks, the last two games the Elks ever played, and beat the Newark Bears 6 to 5 and Tomlin's All-Big League All Stars, who bowed 5 to 4. Owen Carroll was scheduled to hurl against Ferguson in the final game of the 1926 season with the Nutley Elks, but the contest was rained out.

In five years of baseball the Elks won 95 games, lost 52 and tied three, which is a pretty good record. The Junior Order team, which had won the state championship in the Lodge league, and Ed Koch's Bloomfield B. B. C., which numbered among its players Jimmie Hitchcock and Billie Hassell, Bloomfield High greats, were among the teams beaten by the Elks.

A little story about Dutch Schessler, one of the original Elk pitchers, in his days at Shamokin was recently told by Felix McCormick, assistant coach at Bloomfield High School. Mack was playing with Bucknell at the time and his club had a practice game with Shamokin. Dutch approached Mack before the game and said, "If I pitch today, Mack, you'll have a big day if you take a toe hold on the first one."

Now Dutch was a straight baller with lots of smoke when he pitched around here and if he had any curve it was such a dinky one that it fooled few batters. Dutch had developed a curve by this time and was going great. The Shamokin man-

ager crossed Mack up by starting another pitcher and Schessler didn't take the hill until late in the game when Bucknell had three on and the score stood 6 to 5.

Remembering the Dutch of old, Mack saw that first one coming right at him and he fell to the ground, only to hear the umpire call, "Strike one." The curve had cut the center of the plate. Mack swung at the next two but neither was much good after it got half way to the plate. So instead of being a hero, our Felix did a Casey and sat down.





### GEORGE "SAMIE" SAMUELSON

George Samuelson, machinist, policeman and physiotherapy practitioner, belongs to the category of Bloomfield's great baseball players. Only an unfortunate accident prevented him from following a successful big league career. Despite the accident, George Samuelson collected a big league salary

for five years through the provisions of an unusual contract. But we will learn more of that later.



*George Samuelson.*

Bloomfield, which he won with a home run with two on in the seventh.

After the World War, Samuelson signed to play with Wilbur Crelin's Meadowbrooks. In four years for that team Samuelson lost but one game and numbered among his victims the Havana All Stars, the Cubans, the Bacharachs and the Lincoln Colored Giants, among others. The Royal Giants were the only team to beat Samuelson, and then in a four-inning twilight game. His fast breaking hook and big drop kept the hard hitting colored boys well in check.

Samuelson broke in with the Watsessing team, when Jim Finnerty was manager and Archie Dailey was acting in an advisory capacity, back in 1915. Watsessing at that time played its games on a field located on the present site of the Rajah Company in Locust avenue. Samuelson pitched for that team and the late Freddie Keefer was his backstop. Alex Ferguson played the outfield for the same team before he became a flinger in his own right. Among Samuelson's victories with Watsessing was a four-hitter over

During the 1923 campaign the Meadowbrooks invaded the domain of the Lincoln Colored Giants up in Harlem. The Lincolns had not lost to a white team on their home grounds in three years. Numbered among their victims were the Yanks, Giants and the Brooklynns. When Samuelson turned in a three-hitter against the Darkies it called for a return game. The second encounter also was decided in favor of the Meadowbrooks after 12 innings of baseball. The crowd was so large on this occasion that the Lincoln management gave Crelin some extra money, including 100 bucks for Samuelson. Spectators were turned away from the third ball game, which Crelin played on a percentage basis. Samuelson again turned in a low-hit game and there was an additional bonus awaiting him at the conclusion of the game.

That was not all that came Samuelson's way after the game. Bids from big league baseball clubs came thick and fast; both the Yankees and Giants put in bids for his services, as well as both Philadelphia teams, Cleveland and Detroit. But Detroit's contract was too good to be true, so Samuelson signed. Slim Love, who had been traded by the Yankees to Detroit, lived in Newark, and in February of 1924 George decided to go see him and arrange for the trip to the Florida training grounds.

Samuelson and Ed Anderson, with whom he worked as a machinist at the Eastern Tool Company, traveled around together. When Ed decided to sell his "Lion" sports roadster, Samuelson bought it. Ed Anderson was with Samuelson when he went to see Love and apparently they were inside longer than they thought for the motor was cold when they got out.

Cars of that era were all stem winders, so Samuelson got out in front to give'er a spin. The car backfired and Samuelson felt a pain in his shoulder. With that backfire Samie's major league career went up in smoke. Eventually he reported to the Tigers and the team-trainer worked on him without success. He finished the season taking treatments from Melander and Gerber at the Swedish Institute.

His arm showed some improvement after those physiotherapy treatments. Samuelson made up his mind to follow that sort of work in addition to his baseball career and started studying with them. Detroit shifted him to Jersey City in 1925. He pitched several games there, with indifferent success, and was shifted to Newark, where he pitched a few more before his arm went dead again.

After treatments and more study, for a time under Nissen at Princeton, his arm was in fair shape again, but his Detroit contract had run its course.

The Lackawanna League claimed him in 1930 and 1931 with Orange and Millburn. In that circuit he copped the Carlton Trophy as the league's leading batter in 1931. He pitched and played first base.

When Samuelson realized that his big league chances were over back in 1925 he signed up as a chanceman on the Bloomfield police force. But when the time came for him to be made a regular he was doing physiotherapy work at the New York



Crippled Children's Hospital in New York. He continued as a chance-man, however, until 1934 when the Town Council had to make special provisions by ordinance to enable him to join the police force.

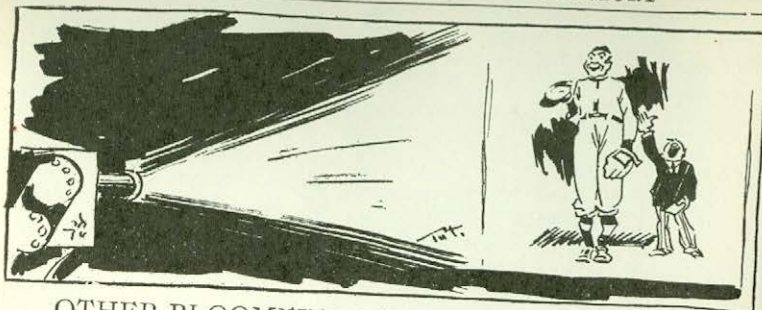
George Samuelson has been a good policeman and has been of invaluable service to the town in many other ways. The Relief Department and League for Friendly Service have had numerous occasions to call upon him for treatment of underprivileged youngsters. Paying patients come from all over for treatment, too, but police department regulations require that any money received in this manner must be used in charity work. Thus George has become a real friend of the poor. He donates not only money but his own priceless services.

George's school post is at Grove street and Royallton place at Carteret School and he can do wonders with those youngsters, who often prove to be problems for their teachers and neighbors.

The Watsessing Baseball Team of 1916 lined up for Henry Vollmer. In the usual order, back row, are--Bob Sharp, secretary; Alex Ferguson, center field; Jim Finnerty, manager; Eddie Fay, first base, and Ernie Wolf, right field and pitcher; middle row--Joe Flannery, third base; John Yackel, second base; George Wildeman, shortstop; Fahner, left field; George Samuelson, pitcher, and Freddie Keefer, catcher. Ed Ferguson and Henry Wolf, now a bowler of considerable repute, were bat boys. When Watsessing played at Montclair, Keefer was barred because he started too many fights, but the man who had him barred, former Mayor McConnell, and Keefer later became very good friends.







### OTHER BLOOMFIELD TEAMS AND PLAYERS

In the short space of a summer it would be impossible to write up all of Bloomfield's many teams and many players, so in this article we will try to enumerate some of the teams and players who have made their mark in town.

The Llewellyns, managed by Frank L. Fisher, now president of the Bloomfield Chamber of Commerce, played Sunday ball in the Second ward in 1909 and 1910 and their big games were with Arch Dailey's club, playing under the name of the Bloomfield Lyceum. One of Fisher's star players was Frank Wiley, who covered first for Bloomfield on Saturday and the same bag for the Llewellyns on Sunday.

Shortly thereafter Paul Blumenfeld played and managed the Broughtons, who also played Sunday baseball in the Second ward. Mike Walsh of town was one of the stars on the Broughtons.

Previous to the World War the Bloomfield Field Club, which played on a field in Weaver avenue and then off Harrison street, had such players as Freeholder Bill Rawson, Sherm Dillon, Pete Hammond and Eddie Dillon, the pitcher.

The Sprague Electric team, with Eddie Bullets and Otto Hambacher in the outfield and Dutch Schessler pitching, won the Industrial League title back in 1919-20.

Still later, the James T. Boyd Council, Junior Order, with Clarence Delhagen on first, George Koehler, Louis Ayasse and Johnny Yackel, won the state Junior Order title.

About that time the Meadows were a flourishing team in Watsessing park and it was with this team that Eddie Forsberg, now umpiring in the Bi-State League, broke in as a pitcher. Eddie later pitched for the Elks, had several minor league tryouts and even pitched some in the International League. Johnny McCloskey was also a member of this team.

A Sunday League which played in Watsessing park developed a lot of good ball players, including George Savino, Walter "Beaky" Van Grofsky, now catching with Hartford, after a good year as playing manager of Winston-Salem in the Bi-State League. Savino caught for the Congers, which included in its ranks Hugh Murphy, local realtor; Pat Moran, a policeman who had a tryout and was going good in the Southern League when he broke his leg; Stan Stankavish, Joe Drudy, Pete Dunigan, Bus Hesterfer and Ray Wiley, son of Frank and a first baseman, also. Van Grofsky played with the Bloomfield Bears, who numbered in their ranks Henry McHeski, Frank Schumell, Bill McGrath and Sigmund Zega. Savino

has been with Buffalo in the International League for several years.

Johnny Johnston, who had great promise as an infielder until hit in the head with a carelessly thrown bat, and Johnny Wengel, Prudential star, were members of Bill Koch's Separates. Dave Roth, Owen Pathe, Eddie Hemmer, the Koch brothers and Abe Angevine also played with the Separates. The three teams usually dominated the league play.

Baseball for the masses was introduced by the present Recreation Commission back in the late 20's and the teams in these circuits would make a book alone. The St. Valentines and White Eagle clubs have dominated the League play for many years, although they have not always been the winners. The St. Valentines also played in the Essex County League for two years before selling their franchise to the White Eagles.

Ed Quinn, who played for one of the early teams in this circuit, is now operating at first base for Trenton.

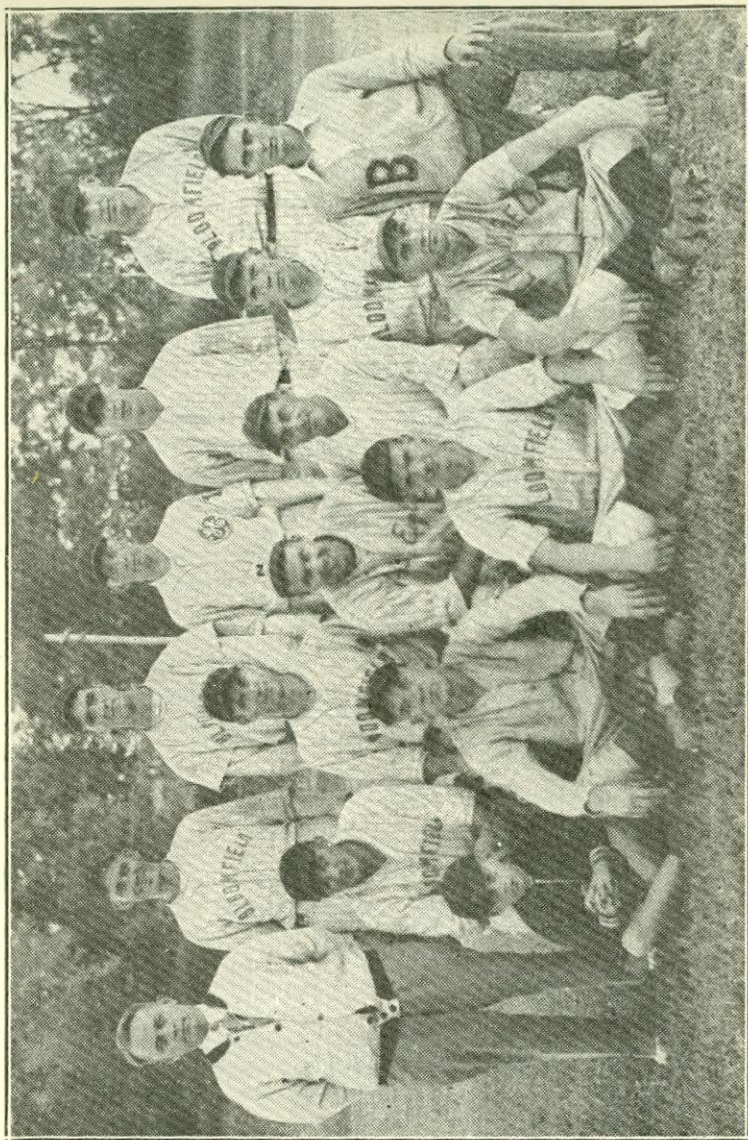
Ed Zega's White Eagle Club has been representing Bloomfield on the baseball field for many years, more than half of them as a traveling team in Nat Strong's circuit. In the last three years the White Eagles have ably represented Bloomfield in the Essex County League. They won the league title last year and this season are in second place at this writing. Ed's teams have always had a strong lineup of Bloomfield players. His club this year is made up of Raymond "Chicken" Baldyga and Mike Kinder, catchers; Joe Hock, first base; Willie Ungemah, second; Johnny "Q" Sheyka, of Fordham, shortstop; Joe Wint, third base; Eddie Berlinski, Frank Schumell, Teddy Mazur, Jim Hearn, Sigmund and Joe Zega, outfielders; Teddy Kalinoski, Russ Fredericks, Mike Gunick, Stan Wellens, Stan "Nudy" Nurkowski and Pat Renner, pitchers. All the players except Hearn, Hock and Wellens are from Bloomfield. The three out-of-towners are from New Brunswick, Nutley and Paterson, respectively. Wellens played in the Bi-State league when Schumell was there.

One of the features of the Recreation Leagues was an All-Star game against the Colored House of David nine when Bloomfield got its first taste of night baseball. A large crowd of people were on hand to see Abe Angevine and Cliff Furfey, now a fireman, hold the bewhiskered fellows at bay while Johnny Johnston smacked the apple with vengeance.

Achievements in the Twilight League this year were two consecutive no-hit, no-run games by Jackie Robinson of the Cardinals, who also pitched five more no-hit, no-run innings before Stan Krivik cracked a double to beat him, 1 to 0. Russ Frederick, who opposed him in this game, for the St. Valentines, also allowed one hit and followed that up with another one-hit effort against the Mohawks in his next time out.

The longest hits at Foley field have been made in this league, too. The only players to hit the stadium in right field to date are Palladino of the St. Valentines, Abe Angevine with the Floyd A. C. and Ozzie Nelson of the High School, whose drive hit in the opening under the stands. Henry Borow has the distinction of hitting the only ball over the left field fence. That one drive bounced over.





The 1938 champions of the Essex County Baseball League are the boys above, the members of the White Eagle Amateurs Athletic Association. In the usual order, they are: back row—Joe Zega, Teddy Kalinski, Sandy Wint, Frank Keogh, Captain Frank Schumell; second row—Manager Ed Zega, Sigmund Zega, Willie Ungemah, Russell Frederick, Joe Hock, Jackie Robinson, Bill Newport, bat boy; front row—Bobby Zbikowski, mascot; Johnny Sheyka, Mike Kinder, and Teddy Mazur. Pat Renner, Jack Campbell and Ed McCarthy, utility players, were not present when the picture was taken.



### HIGH SCHOOL ALL STARS ALL-STAR TEAM

Ted Mazur, '25	.....left field
Bill Hassell, '21	.....third base
Ernie Hambacher, '24	.....second base
Don Savage, '38	.....shortstop
Ozzie Nelson, '35	.....center field
Henry Mcheski, '30	.....right field
Frank Schumell, '30	.....first base
Jimmy Hitchcock, '21	.....catcher
Stan Stankavish, '28	.....catcher
Henry Borowy, '35	.....pitcher
Bob Miller, '30	.....pitcher
Lang Mendles, '25	.....pitcher
Dick Tuers, '21	.....pitcher

The lineup of players who have starred for Bloomfield High School in the last 20 years by no means covers all the good players who have performed for the Bengals in that time, but it does include most of the boys who have played at least minor league or the heaviest of semi-pro ball.

In this last of the articles on baseball in Bloomfield, we are not attempting to review the history of the High School and its ball teams but we are recalling some of the players who have come to our attention.

Teddy Mazur, named as the lead-off batter on the above team, played four years of baseball at Bloomfield High School and did a good job. He captained the team which won the greater Newark Championship in 1935. He played a steady game in the field and was a dependable though not a robust batter. Mazur makes this group because he is going far in professional baseball ranks. This season he played on the Manhattan varsity and in the summer has been the star of the Saranac Lake team in the Northern League.



Mazur.

Billie Hassell, captain of the 1922 team, stepped right out of High School into fast semi-pro company with Ed Koch's Bloomfield Baseball Club, which won one out of five games played with the strong Bloomfield Elks. Hassell batted well in



each game. Bill started as a pitcher but an auto accident ruined his arm for duty on the hill. Bill played third in High School although he did move to the outfield in semi-pro circles.

Ernie Hambacher had a career ahead had he cared to follow it. He played shortstop for the High School and at Bucknell and divided his time between short and second for



*Hambacher.*

some of the fast shore teams, such as the Long Branch A. C., with whom he still has connections. Hambacher was a good batter, too, and he played fast semi-pro ball with his father, the subject of one of the earlier articles.

Need you be told why Don Savage is in the clean-up position or why he is listed for shortstop? Don is a



*Savage.*

good fielder, has a powerful arm and really powders the pill. Many is the game that Don has broken up, both in High School and in the minor leagues, with a home run or a long triple with men on base. Don has been plagued by illness recently but when he left the Eaton, Maryland, club in mid-season to undergo an appendectomy he was leading the league in batting with a mark high in the .400's. Don is slated to go to Akron, Ohio, next season and may even be invited to go South with the Newark Bears.

The late Ozzie Nelson was killed on his way South to join the Detroit Tigers in training camp there. Ozzie was an all-state center fielder in 1935, when his long hits, brilliant fielding and powerful throwing arm won him wide acclaim and his chance to go away. Coach Bill Foley recommended Ozzie to his friend, Cy Perkins, Detroit coach.

Henry Mcheski, another converted pitcher, has played in the Essex County League since it was organized and up until



*Mcheski.*

recently was considered one of the hardest batters to get a ball past in the circuit. He was up among the leading batters every year and although not very fast afield did a good enough job at the plate to rate a permanent job. Henry alternated in the pitching box and on first base during the 1930 season, when Bloomfield won the state championship, and



*Schumell.*

was second only to Bob Miller when the batting averages were compiled.

Frank "Shang" or "Turk" Schumell, captain of the White Eagles, last year's Essex County League Champions, caught and played first base for Bloomfield High and went away to the Bi-State League in North and South Carolina as a catcher and outfielder. Schumell was a good hitter in High School and at the present time is leading his White Eagle teammates in batting in league competition. Down South he played for four or five years, returning in time to don a football suit for the nearby professional teams such as the Passaic Wessingtons, Paterson Panthers and Newark Tornados. Schumell gave up pro football when his leg was broken three years ago.

The late Jimmy Hitchcock died just when he appeared to be going some place. Jimmie left Bloomfield High to play with Ed Koch's Bloomfield B. B. C. and did a good job. He was dependable in a pinch, had a good throwing arm and could work a pitcher. Jim was much in demand around these parts and a good position in New York was all that kept him from a try in the leagues.

Stan Stankavish of the 1928 team was picked as the second receiver because of his dependability both with and without the mask. He led his mates in batting while in High

School and played good ball with Caldwell in the Essex County League, while in college and thereafter. Football coaching, however, took most of Stan's interest and he quit the game while he was still playing good ball.



*Stankavish.*

Henry Borowy, whose latest accomplishments include pitching three perfect innings against the New York



*Borowy.*

Yankees for the Bears and two good games in the play-offs for the International League flag, has been the subject of many write-ups in recent years. Hank pitched Bloomfield to the State Championship in 1935 with a brilliant performance in the greater Newark tournament. After a great year at Montclair Academy, Hank enrolled at Fordham, where he was hailed as the best college pitcher in the country even before he pitched his no-hit-no-run game against Rutgers in his sophomore year. This spring Hank gave up his college career to accept an \$8,500 bonus from the New York Yankees to sign a Newark Bear contract. Hank has won six and lost four this year with the Bears and may go South with the Yanks next year, though experts say Hank is about two years from the big leagues at this time. Nevertheless, a jump from college to double-A ball is a great one that few youngsters ever make.



Bob Miller also pitched the Bengals to a state championship, in 1930, when he had a great strikeout record. Bob, too, jumped from college to double-A ball, but with a year of service with Binghampton in A circles intervening. Bob twirled



*Miller.*

for Dartmouth and in his senior year turned in a no-hit-no-run game against the University of Pennsylvania. He followed that with a no-hitter at Binghampton the same year, but hurt his knee the next spring and never again showed great promise, although he did get by both at Newark and at Kansas City. He was called home from Kansas City on the eve of his scheduled start against the Newark Bears in the Little World Series two years ago when his father died and since has confined his pitching to work for East Orange at the Grove Street Oval and with a fast semi-pro team in Atlantic City. Bob is following in his father's footsteps at Overbrook Hospital,

where he has an administrative position. His father was superintendent when he died.

Lang Mendles was another pretty good pitcher in High School. Lang lost no more than four games in his entire High School career and won as many as a dozen in a row before he was stopped during the 1924 season. Lang went to the N. Y. P. league after his graduation and after a year at Scranton got into the coal business. When his firm moved out that way from New York, Lang refused a pay increase to go with the firm, because he had had enough of Pennsylvania during that one stay there. Following his return from Pennsylvania, Lang did little pitching. The Scranton manager tried to change his style of delivery and ruined his effectiveness.

Dick Tuers threw his arm out before he finished High School, or rather just at the close of his High School career. Dick was plenty good and got by one of the fastest balls we ever saw a High School boy throw. But Dick was playing semi-pro ball on the side under an assumed name. On the Friday before Decoration Day in 1921, Dick pitched for the High School. On Saturday he pitched for the Junior Order team and on Sunday and Monday pitched two double-headers. On Tuesday, when he tried to pitch for the High School again, Dick had a world of stuff for six innings, but how he got hammered in the last three. He was never effective afterwards.

Mazur, Hassell, Hambacher, Schumell and Stankavish also rank among Bloomfield's gridiron greats, while Savage, Miller and Tuers also played football. Savage, Hitchcock, Schumell, Stankavish, Miller, Mendles and Tuers also played basketball with Hitchcock, the outstanding player in this group.